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Gay Community News

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Letters from My Aunt

Gay Pride
in New York
and San
Francisco

Alliance
Fights
Fenway
Violence

Police
Cancel
Softball
Game

Book
Supplement



GayCommunityNews

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July 12, 1980

NY March Splits Into Two Rallies

By Denise Sudell

NEW YORK — Tensions that had been building up for some time between several groups here came to a head at this year's Lesbian and Gay Pride March on Sunday, June 29.

The animosities which led to charges of racism, sexism, and incompetence against the Christopher Street Liberation Day Committee (CSLDC) by the Lesbian and Gay March Planning Committee (LGMPC), and countercharges of divisiveness and intolerance by CSLDC against LGMPC, had already split the march into two rallies (see *GCN*, Vol. 7, No. 49).

In the midst of the march, those same animosities flared into an on-street shouting match between members of the two committees over which rally the marchers should be directed to attend.

The march began without incident, as an estimated marchers stepped off on schedule at noon from Sheridan Square,

the site of the original Stonewall Riots that are widely considered to have been the start of the modern lesbian and gay movement and that are commemorated each June in worldwide lesbian and gay pride celebrations.

Marchers were led by the New York Gay Community Marching Band, followed by one woman pushing another in a wheelchair. A sign suspended above the wheelchair read: "Two Women in Love — Sharon and Mary."

A group described on the CSLDC leaflet as the Third World Women contingent, but which appeared to be sexually mixed, carried the CSLDC banner, followed by the lesbian contingent, the Coalition of Third World Lesbians and Gay Men, and other groups.

Greeted by cheers and stares from onlookers, the march proceeded slowly up Fifth Avenue. Parents of Lesbians and Gays drew a large round of applause, as did the Lesbian Herstory Ar-



Carmen Carter

Members of New York's Lesbian Herstory Archives carried photos of Radclyffe Hall, Eleanor Roosevelt, Lorena Hickok, and Mable Hampton.

chives, bearing giant photographs of former First Lady Eleanor Roosevelt and her "friend," Lorena Hickok. One woman carried a sign reading, "If it's good enough for Eleanor, it's good enough for me."

Several groups carried signs exploring racism. A member of one of the several Hispanic groups represented in the march carried a sign reading, "La Unidad Gay Ahora — Gay Unity Now."

As the marchers approached St.

Patrick's Cathedral, a roar went up from a large crowd of persons massed on the cathedral steps. The march halted in front of the large double doors, and marchers chanted "Gay rights — right

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Speaker Struggle Surfaces In SF Pride

By David Lamble

SAN FRANCISCO — This city's 1980 Gay Freedom parade celebration occurred Sunday, June 29, before the usual large crowd under sunny skies and with a touchy political battle still unresolved.

The parade, involving a crowd in excess of 100,000 persons, featured the traditional assortment of lesbian and gay political and cultural figures, ranging from a group organizing gays against the draft to a "convent" of gay male nuns to a lesbian motorcycle club called "Dykes on Bikes" to the musical renditions of the San Francisco Gay Men's Marching Band and Gay Men's Chorus and the San Francisco Lesbian Chorus, and to a full range of gay male, black, Latino, and lesbian singers and bands.

But disputes continued between the organizing leadership of the Gay Freedom Day committee and

the lesbian-led grass-roots coalition over who would and would not get to speak on stage in front of San Francisco City Hall.

As previously detailed in *GCN* (Vol. 7, No. 48), the very public struggle over speakers involves a dispute over whether ultimate control over parade committee decisions rested with the elected parade leadership represented by co-chairs Amy Fournier and Bruce Goranson, or whether the power resided in the rank-and-file membership of the parade committee, whose symbolic leader seems to be Los Angeles-based lesbian activist-performer Robin Tyler.

As push literally came to shove backstage and onstage, the afternoon's most notable battle occurred over whether Tyler would get to address the huge Civic Center crowd.

Tyler's name was one of seven included on a list of parade rally speakers approved at the last

meeting of the parade's general membership committee June 15. Subsequently, the parade's corporate control committee voted to overrule the general body and revise the list of speakers, in the process striking Tyler's name from the list.

Consequently, the struggle over whether Robin Tyler would be allowed to speak became the central battle of the day, and ultimately involved disputes between the parade co-chairs, the parade monitors, members of the Women's Outreach Committee, and San Francisco's openly-gay supervisor Harry Britt.

GCN learned that at one point, a compromise seemed to have been struck that would have involved Robin Tyler speaking from a press platform off to the side of the main stage. This face-saving measure did not come off when it became apparent that a working microphone was not available for



© Greg Day

The San Jose float asked "Where Were You?", referring to what many in San Jose and Santa Clara County saw as lack of support for San Francisco in a recent lesbian and gay rights referendum battle lost by lesbian and gay supporters.

Tyler to use from the press stage.

At this point, accounts differ as to what happened. Robin Tyler told Konstantin Berlandt of the *San Francisco Bay Area Reporter* (BAR) that Britt had agreed to introduce her from the main stage. Tyler indicated to Berlandt that Britt may have gotten cold feet at the last minute and refused to exert his influence.

Asked whether he planned to introduce Tyler on stage, Britt said, "I had indicated to Robin that I thought she should speak, and had indicated that I would be a part of trying to see that she speak. But that didn't develop, and I'd rather not go beyond that in terms of who did what, 'cause there's just a lot of allegations running around."

KPFA radio reporter Ruth Ann Newman told *GCN* that Robin Tyler was accompanied to the stage by a contingent of her San Francisco supporters in the women's community. Newman noted that there was considerable scuffling and shouting between the women and mostly-male monitors and parade officials.

As word of the dispute made its way through the crowd, the chant was heard, "We want Robin Tyler." Cohost of ceremonies Pat Bond declared, "That's who you're going to get."

Cohost Armistead Maupin indicated to the crowd that he felt

betrayed by Tyler, who, he charged, had not let it be known that "she was going to do this." Maupin continued, "In the interests of unity for the gay community, I'm going to ask that the monitors backstage let her come on to the stage and say what she has to say."

What Tyler had to say, in a short, emotional speech, was, "today a lot of you had to fight to get me up here." Tyler keyed the main thrust of her remarks to her recent viewing of the Broadway play *Bent*. "*Bent* is the story of how homosexuals got taken to Nazi concentration camps. They did not kill us — they made us kill each other, in order to deny that we were gay and lesbian. In the United States today, they use the same techniques to make us kill each other."

Referring to the fracas over the speakers controversy, Tyler said, "We must never take politics out of our festivals. We must never take politics off stage."

Later, speaking from her Los Angeles home, Tyler accused Harry Britt of reneging on his agreement to introduce her on stage, telling BAR's Berlandt: "I can forgive the lack of bravery, but I cannot forgive lying."

Tyler's version of the incident was supported by lesbian activists Marion Vandenberg and Patty

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March Protests Gay Murders

By Kevin Liebhaber

BOSTON — An estimated 1200 people marched through the Fenway neighborhood to the Victory Gardens on Thursday night, June 26, in honor of the slain Charles Kimball and to raise the issue of increased violence in the Fenway area.

A forum on violence and community response was held after the march and an estimated 150 people attended.

The following Sunday the Fenway Lesbian and Gay Alliance (FLAGA), the organizers of the march and forum, held its first formal meeting.

On Tuesday, July 1, FLAGA's Victory Gardens committee announced a leafletting campaign and six person patrols of the Victory Gardens to begin on the July 4th weekend.

As police sirens wailed on nearby streets the candlelight proces-

sion filed past the murder site of Charles Kimball where FLAGA members had erected a memorial cross and painted "a gay man was murdered here, June 22, '80" on the asphalt path. People placed flowers and candles at the cross. At a nearby clearing people gathered for a rally and FLAGA forum.

"We have to understand," Rep. Mel King' 4th district told the crowd, "when it happens to one of us, it happens to all of us. Why in this city do we have to have a situation where anybody has to be provided with an escort service? You've got to make a commitment to change this culture."

The organizers had offered an escort service for the elderly who did not want to walk home alone after the rally.

"Our right to be here is why we are here," said Reverend Bob Wheatley.

"The violence in the Fens is not just a gay man's issue. Violence in this, our neighborhood, is an issue for the elderly, for people of color, for handicapped, and for women," said Debbi De Weese, a

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John Tobin

Marchers placed lighted candles at the spot where Charles Kimball was murdered.

News Notes

quote of the week

"In the end, the gay alternative means a departure not just from heterosexuality, but from social orthodoxy . . . In other words, gay liberation is a social event. Its most moderate politics — the enactment of civil rights legislation — has radical potential, because civil rights opens the way to acceptance, and acceptance opens the way to dissolution of the norm. No one would claim that the net effect of enforcing such legislation in regard to race would *merely* be to end segregation in public places. When one component of the social structure is dislodged, everyone feels the difference. If 10 percent of the population emerges as a sexual minority, protected in its choice by law, the rest of us will have to acknowledge that, even though we may prefer it, there is nothing inevitable about heterosexuality.

"Whether that will transform society is something only the enemies of gay liberation feel confident enough to predict. They warn that it will."

—Richard Goldstein, in the first part of a two-part essay entitled "The Politics of Liberation: 'Gay People Are Different from Everyone Else — Except in Bed,'" published in the *Village Voice*, June 25-July 1, 1980.

black & white men together

NEW YORK — The effects of racism are all too evident in the gay community. We, as black and white gay men, are concerned that racism affects our personal lives as well.

To open up channels of communication between black and white gay men, to provide a forum for discussing and confronting issues of racism in our community and in our lives, and to create a vehicle for increased, less oppressive, inter-racial relating among gay men, Black and White Men Together, N.Y. has formed recently in New York City.

Black and White Men Together, N.Y. sponsors a variety of programs ranging from weekly consciousness-raising sessions to regular social events, and welcomes the participation of anyone sharing its goals.

For further information on Black and White Men Together, N.Y., contact: Henry Wlemhoff, (212) 873-5572 (eves.), (212) 799-9432 (days).

sorry, archbishop, sir, but . . .

MT. RAINIER, MD — New Ways Ministry, a Catholic group working in ministry for homosexual people, issued a response here today to a statement from Archbishop William D. Borders, Archbishop of Baltimore, in the July issue of a diocesan newsletter to priests and deacons.

The New Ways response to the archbishop's comments opposing a proposed city ordinance to protect people on the basis of sexual orientation denied Border's assertion that it would be a "betrayal" for the archdiocese to support the ordinance. The Pope's reference to "betraying" homosexual people, which the archbishop used, was only in the context of the Church's *moral* doctrine, according to New Ways, and had nothing to do with support of civil rights and the issue of social justice.

New Ways also claimed in its response that Borders' statement that homosexual activity is "socially destructive" can not be proven by any data from history or the social sciences, and said that societies that have responded to homosexual minorities with tolerance and regulation did not experience any socially destructive effects. New Ways, however, did support the right of a religious group to pass judgments on the moral issues involved in homosexuality.

The group's response also accused Borders of denying or confusing, in practice, the distinction between homosexual *activity* and *orientation*, because of the archbishop's argumentation that to protect the orientation necessarily implies a protection and recognition of homosexuality in practice. New Ways claimed that the ordinance, in fact, protects heterosexual and bisexual orientations as well without making any judgment as to what is "normative." "Non-practicing, celibate homosexual persons suffer discrimination not because of what they *do* . . .," said the New Ways response, "but simply because of what they *are*." If a law protects against homosexual "practices" as well as "orientation" it would not necessarily mean protecting certain acts which are still illegal in many states. The phrase "homosexual practice," says New Ways, must include a much wider variety of homosexual actions for certain people such as same-sex hand-holding, embracing, dancing, etc. which are public signs of a homosexual orientation though both "moral and legal."

ten years of support

ALBUQUERQUE, NM — The 1980 Continental General Assembly of the Unitarian Universalist Churches of North America has passed, by greater than a two-thirds vote, a resolution calling upon its member churches to renew their 1970 commitment to end discrimination against gay, lesbian, and bisexual persons. At the assembly, held June 13-18 here, members called upon the Ministers Association and the Department of Ministerial and Congregational Services to lend full assistance to qualified openly gay, lesbian and bisexual persons in their efforts to be employed as religious leaders, such as ministers and directors of religious education.

Although the ten-year period of support has included the 1975 establishment of an Office of Gay Concerns at the denominational headquarters in Boston and a 1977 resolution decrying the bigotry and misinformation presented by the "Save Our Children" movement led by Anita Bryant, the resolution pointed out that many local congregations have been unwilling to accept candidates for employment because of their sexual orientation. (The responsibility to hire is entirely the prerogative of the local church.) This resolution is intended to help redress that reality through educational and other efforts.

At the Assembly, UU Gay Caucus members presented a Gay Gong Show which played to an overflow crowd.

Gay and lesbian members of the staff of the UU headquarters building in Boston held a reception and party for the rest of the staff during Lesbian and Gay Pride Week in that city. The party celebrated both the week and the action taken by the assembly.

benefit boogie

BOSTON — GALAS, the Great American Lesbian Art Show, will be having a Benefit/Boogie on July 18 from 8 p.m. until 1 a.m. at Tennis Up, 100 Mass. Ave., 5th floor. Wheelchair accessible, suggested donation \$5.00.

help for cuban refugees

TORONTO, CANADA — Nearly \$60,000 has been pledged to begin work to aid 10,000 to 12,000 Lesbian and Gay Cuban refugees being held at concentration camp-style facilities of three US military camps. Responding to an appeal by The Rev. Troy D. Perry, start-up funds have been pledged by ministers representing Metropolitan Community Churches attending the UFMCC Eastern Ministers Conference ending today outside Toronto, Canada.

Working from UFMCC headquarters in Los Angeles, a specially assigned Task Force is establishing official contact with the US Government and other resettlement agencies. The Task Force is also finding sponsors who will assist in finding jobs and homes for refugees and in gathering financial assistance to get the refugees — who lack families to sponsor them — out of the camps. Within the next three weeks, teams of Spanish-speaking Lesbians and Gay men will be sent into the three camps. Persons in the vicinities of the camps fluent in Spanish and/or with expertise in Cuban culture are urged to contact UFMCC. The Rev. Bob Arthur, Director of UFMCC's Institutional Ministries, has been deputized to work for six months in this effort. The UFMCC Cuban Refugee Program will be working in conjunction with the Carter Administration's Inter-agency Task Force, with the International Rescue Commission, and with the U.S. Catholic Conference to aid refugees from "Castroite homophobia."

Checks may be made payable to "UFMCC Cuban Refugee Relief Fund," a special tax-deductable account, which will be administered separately by the UFMCC. For further information, contact Dale Leech, c/o UFMCC, 5300 Santa Monica Boulevard, Suite 304, Los Angeles, California 90029, (213) 464-5100.

women's camping weekend

HANCOCK, NH — A weekend community camping experience for women will be held here, July 25-27. It will include an outdoor concert by Kay Gardner on Saturday night, plus an open stage, softball, workshops, and other activities. Merchandise will also be sold. The ticket price of \$10 in advance or \$12 at the gate includes one meal on Saturday night. There are campfires allowed, and everyone should bring all necessary camping gear and food. Children are half price. For tickets and vital information, write to L/FC, Box 47, Penacook, NH 03303.

gay tv for boston?

Boston lesbians and gay men may want to stick by their TV the week of July 6. On Monday morning, the Phil Donahue show will have Aaron Fricke and Paul Gullbert, the gay teenagers who went to their high school prom. The show will be on at 9 a.m. on channels 8 and 10, and at 10:30 a.m. on channel 5. On Thursday, July 10, at 9 p.m., the "Barney Miller" show has a plot involving custody rights for a gay father, and a gay cop coming out. That's on channels 5, 8, 9, and 12. At midnight that night, channels 6 and 7 are showing "Dawn: Portrait of a Teenage Runaway," which has a very sympathetic presentation of a male hustler. Finally, on Friday at 9, channels 5, 8, 9, and 12 are showing the movie "Norman . . . Is that You?" about an interracial gay couple and their families.

can stop the village people

SAN FRANCISCO — A group based here is calling for a "gay boycott" of the disco group Village People and the newly-released movie musical in which the group appears, *Can't Stop the Music*.

According to a leaflet prepared by "Can Stop the Village People," the group is organizing the boycott "to protest the way this movie totally refused to acknowledge the gay Greenwich Village [New York City] culture and audience which gave the Village People their start and most consistent support — AND MOSTLY to protest the way this film was edited so as to create an illusion that the hundreds of gays who were 'used' to film the final disco scene in San Francisco actually appeared to be a large straight crowd cheering for the Village People."

The leaflet claims that during the filming of the final scene, straight couples from the cast of the film were placed in front of a crowd of gay people who had paid \$15 each to attend a "filming party." According to the group's leaflet, the straight couples were filmed and lights on the gay people in the background were dimmed. "Thus," says the leaflet, "it appears that a huge straight crowd is cheering the Village People — hardly likely."

The writers of the leaflet also complain that "for all the hype the cast came to San Francisco and made about this city, in the film *San Francisco gets nothing but 15 seconds of aerial shots!?!"*

"We made the Village People — we can break the Village People," the leaflet says.

Those interested in learning more about the boycott can contact "Can Stop the Village People" at P.O. Box 750, San Francisco, CA 94101.

what color is your handkerchief?

SAN FRANCISCO — Members of Samois, the Bay Area lesbian/feminist s/m support group, are preparing an expanded second edition of their pamphlet *What Color Is Your Handkerchief?* They are seeking material to include, such as short stories, fantasies, journal excerpts, poetry, graphics (drawings, cartoons, photographs), essays and/or autobiographical writing on such topics as coming out, childhood experiences in s/m, dealing with the local women's/lesbian community, having non-s/m lovers, s/m "vs." pornography and violence, s/m sex, differences and similarities between lesbian and gay male s/m, or lesbian and heterosexual s/m, or "anything else you feel would be appropriate."

The members ask that contributors enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope with any material. The deadline for contributions is Sept. 15, 1980. No work will be edited without permission; in late September contributors will be updated on the progress of the work.

Send all contributions or requests for other information to Samois, P.O. Box 2364, Berkeley, CA 94702.

take back the night

SOMERVILLE, Any woman interested in helping to organize a Somerville/Cambridge Take Back the Night march to protest violence against women, please call the Somerville Women's Center (617) 623-9340 or the Cambridge Women's Center (617) 354-8807. You can make a difference.

discussion group formed

SOMERVILLE, MA — The Somerville Women's Center will be forming a group on which women can discuss their experiences as sexually or physically abused children. The group will be called "wimmin journeyers." Time and place are still to be arranged, for information please call Fern at (617) 776-4675 or leave a message for Nancy at (617) 623-9340.

Police Cancel Softball Game

By Michael Ferguson

BOSTON — Everything was set. The Beantown Softball League (Boston's gay softball league) wanted to play, the District 4 police wanted to play, and the Jimmy Fund was to benefit. However just two days before the scheduled June 26 Gay Pride event, the police were forced to back out, and the scheduled event cancelled.

The game, which was set up over eight weeks ago by Sgt. Walter Tower of the police softball league and Beantown, was cancelled after the Boston Patrolmen's Association (BPA) House of Representatives voted on June 18 to ask that no officer participate in the game.

BPA President Chester Broderick cited the Ronnie Grant case that dates back to Nov 1975 to justify the union's action. That case involves a police recruit who was terminated shortly before he was installed for "associating with a known homosexual." The union is defending Grant and pushing for his reinstatement.

Broderick said the BPA House of Representatives voted on June 18 to "request" that no patrol officer play unless Ronnie Grant is reinstated to the Police Department. He said the union took this position because they did not want to be hypocrites. Broderick said that "there is no way the Softball League could have played because of the Ronnie Grant case. The softball game would have been a slap in the face to Grant."

Broderick said that he felt "the Boston Police Department are

hypocrites and that the gay community are co-hypocrites." He maintains that the "gay community, which allegedly champions all peoples' rights," gave no support to Grant or the BPA. "We had to assume that the only reason was because he was wearing a uniform and it was blue."

Broderick claims he approached then newly elected State Rep. Elaine Noble, Rep. Barney Frank, David Brill of GCN and Homophile Community Health Services for help in defending Grant. Broderick maintains that no one returned his calls, with the exception of Brill, who "wrote a small article." Because of this lack of support from the gay community several years ago, Broderick felt it would be wrong to play against a gay softball team.

Homophile Community Health Services personnel had no recollection of any calls asking for support in the case from the BPA.

Elaine Noble said that neither Broderick nor the BPA ever contacted her about the case. Noble told GCN, "It's a shame he has to reach that far back — that he has to lie. It shows a lack of reality." She said the latest action of Broderick's "shows why the Patrolmen's Association should think about replacing him."

"The situation is where the gay community is more powerful than he is. The community has done more to break down stereotypes. He had to reach back to some fantasyland [to stop the game]. He embarrasses the intelligence of the police association," Noble continued.

Seth Hyde, president of the Beantown Softball League, said, "I find it hard to believe they [the BPA] want to win the case. If they wanted to win the case they would have played us to show it was ridiculous." Hyde continued, "The main thing that troubled us is that we were given only 48 hours notice. The game was planned for eight weeks. They could have given us more time to find another team."

Detective John Martel, manager of the District 4 team said, "We wanted to play the game. It was a regular game to us, like a scrimmage. It would have been good for community relations."

Originally the BPA Softball League had given permission for the game as long as they didn't use League shirts. After the District 4 team had purchased special shirts just for the game and just three days before the game, "the association told us they didn't want us to play the game. We all belong [to the BPA]. We didn't want to go against the ruling. There was nothing we could do about it," Martel said about the decision.

Jim Petteruti, treasurer of the gay softball league, said, "This was not a political event but a benefit for the Jimmy Fund [a charity aimed at funding cancer research]. Broderick turned it around into a political thing." Despite the police pullout and game cancellation, \$150 was collected at a Beantown All-Star game that will be donated to the Jimmy Fund.

Later, Bok added, "In these days of fiscal retrenchment, my major legislative priority will be in working in areas where government can reduce discrimination against people to give everyone an equal chance."

— James McDonald stated, "My record on gay rights is clear. I have said in every forum, including the Republican ward committee where this position might not have been as well received as it is before this group, that I would support and work for both of the gay rights bills now on Beacon Hill." McDonald later told GCN that he and his wife believe they have seen some of their gay friends be victims of job discrimination. Toward the end of the lesbian and gay forum, McDonald said gay men should stay out of the Fens, a cruising spot, when addressing a question about public cruising and police entrapment.

— Dennis Quilty, in opening remarks, said he would insist that the Boston Police Department hire gay men and lesbians as police officers as a way to sensitize the police department. Quilty said he regarded gay rights as a basic "privacy" and constitutional issue. "I am a straight man. As such, I don't profess to having a complete knowledge of the gay community and all its issues." He added, "I've sought out members of the gay community for advice and support, and I'll be the best learner you've ever seen."

— Thomas Vallyely claimed that his extensive network of established contacts and his experience as a political organizer will help him be a strong fighter on gay issues. Vallyely said he thought that a new strategy was needed to obtain the passage of gay rights at the State House. "In corporate policy, there are provisions made at some of the Fortune 500 companies not to discriminate on the basis of sexual preference." Vallyely noted that his strategy for the passage of gay rights was to make the issue a statewide "concern" rather than a downtown Boston interest. "I think I can do



John Tobin

Neighbors concerned with violence in the Fenway marched to "take back their neighborhood."

Fenway

Continued from Page 1

local resident. "This is a beautiful neighborhood. The people are friendly. The Fens is a lovely park with something for all of us."

"Now that the violence is increasing people tell me, 'I told you so, the Fens has always been a violent neighborhood.' What does that mean? That we should be apathetic and accept ourselves as victims? We are not victims! We are a neighborhood of diversified people and whether we are women, gays, handicapped, elderly, or of color, each one of us has a right to enjoy this, our neighborhood."

A FLAGA open meeting after the rally was attended by at least 150 men and women who signed up to join the organization. Eric Rofes opened the meeting.

"More people have been reporting violence from our community and in fact this is an important thing to happen. The victim of violence, here or any place else, should report it. If you can not report it to the police, report to Robin McCormack [the Mayor's liaison to the gay community], report it to GCN, report it to your friends. It is nothing to be ashamed of, it is something we must know of and act on. It can't be left only to the police, only to the legislators, it's something for the community to come together about and discuss what things we can do."

At the meeting, people discussed the issues of community patrols, an escort service for the elderly, cruising in the park, responding to violence while cruising, the use of whistles, police effectiveness, response and tactics, and how the gay community should work with the police on this issue.

The following Sunday, June 29, FLAGA held a meeting of 40 peo-

ple, almost all men, where the group structure was formalized and discussion continued on the issues, goals and tactics involved.

Don Babets was elected male co-chair for 90 days. A female co-

chair was not chosen due to lack of women present.

FLAGA endorsed a resolution calling on the city to implement plans for increased lighting in the Victory Gardens with money appropriated for that task in 1977. The Fenway Gardens Society later endorsed the same resolution.

Patrols were organized at a Tuesday, July 1, meeting of FLAGA's Victory Gardens committee. The patrols will consist of two three person teams. Each patrol person will wear a lavender armband. The patrol structure will be evaluated after the week-end.

A leafletting campaign was planned for all the gay bars for Friday, July 4. The following leaflet will be distributed:

"After dark in the Fenway Gardens you are in danger. To protect yourselves and others, 1) shout for help if you or someone near you is threatened; 2) carry a whistle and use it only to signal danger; 3) respond to a call for help, there is safety in numbers."

FLAGA will be meeting with Lt. Bratton of the 4th police district to discuss gay concerns in the district.

The Symphony Tenants Organizing Project (STOP) has endorsed FLAGA's work and has offered the use of phone, mailing address and meeting space. One can contact FLAGA c/o STOP at 267-4637, Box 577, Astor Station, Boston, MA 02123. STOP is located at 58 Burbank St., Boston. FLAGA's next open meeting will be on Sunday, July 13, from 6:00pm-9:00pm.

the rape staircase bill and indicated support for the funding of shelters for victims of domestic violence. Mullin also stated that "legal support" for women sexually harassed in the workplace is necessary.

— Dennis Quilty claimed that his former role as an assistant district attorney under Newman Flanagan gave him experience "on almost a daily basis" with victims of domestic violence, sexual harassment and rape. "The need for the rape staircasing legislation simply must be done." Quilty, too, expressed support for the establishment of more shelters for victims of domestic violence and called for a "civil remedy" to address sexual harassment.

— Thomas Vallyely dittoed the statements made by the other candidates and added that he would like to see the permanent establishment of the Governor's Commission on the Status of Women with appointments made by various constitutional officers and legislators. Vallyely lashed out at Governor King for appointing a commission comprised of "pro-life" women and called for an increase in state funding of the com-

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Candidates Speak At Gay Forum

By Joe Martin

BOSTON — Members of Boston's lesbian and gay community got a first-hand look at most of the candidates seeking to replace Barney Frank in the State Legislature during a lesbian and gay candidates' forum held recently at the Arlington Street Church. The National Organization for Women, the Massachusetts Gay Political Caucus, the Massachusetts Women's Political Caucus and numerous other organizations sponsored the event.

A total of nine candidates appeared at the Arlington Street Church candidates' night including two new entries — Gary Dotterman, a former gay bar manager and political activist, and David O'Connor, a personnel agency director and member of the Massachusetts Gay Political Caucus. Victor Naum Themo, a declared candidate, has not appeared at any of the candidates' forums held in the Eighth Suffolk (Beacon Hill-Back Bay) state representative district.

The forum began with brief introductory statements offered by all nine candidates. For two hours, the candidates responded to questions posed by a panel consisting of representatives of the sponsoring organizations. The candidates subsequently took questions from the floor.

The issues raised included the Proposition 2½ tax limitation referendum, housing problems, police community review boards and the candidates' views on their own leadership and potential legislative abilities. But the primary focus of the evening centered on issues directly related to the gay and women's communities.

The candidates agreed, in general, on most issues affecting gay community and women's interests. All favored public financing of abortions for the poor and a woman's right to choose an abortion. All promised to co-sponsor gay rights legislation and rape staircase legislation, a measure that establishes graduated penalties for rape dependent upon the

circumstances surrounding the crime. As the evening wore on, the differences between the candidates' outlooks began to emerge.

On gay issues and gay rights: — Herbert Weiss suggested that a class action suit on a discriminatory basis must be filed. "Someone's got to apply for a job with the MDC Police. If there's discrimination on the basis of sexual preference, we'll sue."

— Mary Mullen, in saying she supports gay rights, cited harassment incidents she and her mother experienced while campaigning for Elaine Noble in 1974.

— Smoki Bacon asserted, "I've been active for years working against intolerance as a board member of the Urban League." Bacon said she would continue her campaign "against intolerance" by working "to include sexual preference in the ERA."

— Gary Dotterman said he supported using state funds to support gay health organizations like the Homophile Community Health Service. "There should also be more money for alcoholism treatment for gays. It's a major problem in our gay community."

— David O'Connor said, "As a member of the Massachusetts Gay Political Caucus, I put my name to a letter to support candidates which we (MGPC) endorsed." He claimed that the published letter demonstrated his commitment to the cause.

— Alexander Bok, throughout the night, stressed that overall understanding of political process, the neighborhood and issues would make him effective on all issues including gay rights. "In gay rights issues, it's not just saying 'Yes, I support the public employment bill. I support the general anti-discrimination bill.' It's understanding that those issues also go up to the federal level, Congressman Waxman's bill and Senator Cranston's bill. Or understanding at the local level that passage of the Boston Commission Against Discrimination is an important aspect."

Gay Community News

THE GAY WEEKLY

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Managing Editor Richard Burns
News Editor Denise Sudeil
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Christian Lange & Associates
7000 SW 62nd Avenue
Miami, Florida 33413
(305) 666-2588

New York Representative
Rivendell Marketing
666 6th Avenue
New York, NY 10010
(212) 242-6863

New York Distribution
Majority News, Inc.
63-65 Gansevoort Street
New York, NY 10014
(212) 243-7770

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Community Voices

inside and looking out

Dear Editor

I want to take this opportunity to express thanks to all of the brothers and sisters who have taken into consideration all of the gays who are behind bars in the prison system throughout the country.

Being an openly gay inmate and standing up and fighting for the constitutional rights of all prisoners (especially gay prisoners) is a long, hard battle. Especially being on the inside and looking out. But we all appreciate all of the gay brothers and sisters in the free world who are standing up and fighting for all of us. It's a comfortable thought. Because no matter who we are, or where we are, we must all stand up for our rights.

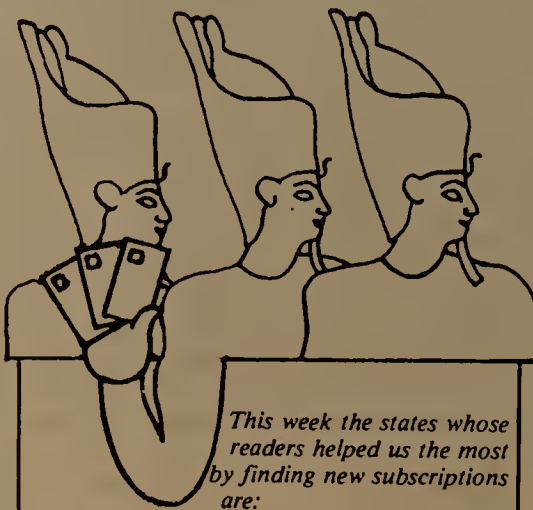
Quite a few of the gay inmates that I have met will not stand up for themselves. They are more interested in sex, and continuously let the guards and other inmates harass them with verbal abuse and threats (sometimes rape). I am not talking about the gays who are still in the closet. I am talking about the ones who flaunt themselves in front of inmates and staff alike. And when their rights are violated, they will not do a thing about it. Then they wonder why it is that they are always being harassed. I myself, as an openly gay inmate, have tried to talk some sense into them, trying to explain to the best of my ability that we have rights just like everyone else and that the harassment will stop only when they themselves start standing up for their rights. (If people on the outside can do it, so can we). And I am glad that some of them are now starting to stand up and be counted, and they are also sending away for the gay papers (such as GCN) which we all enjoy very much, and which gives us a lot of encouragement.

I am sending this letter to GCN hoping that you will print this in your paper, in hopes that it will be of some inspiration to all gay brothers and sisters who are concerned about gays in prison and what we are up against, and especially to the prison pen pals.

Also, please excuse the composition of this letter. The truth of the matter is that I am not much good at writing letters. But I am very much into gay rights, for all of us, especially the "rights of GAY PRISONERS." And upon my release in September '80, I intend to continue to fight for gay rights and for the rights of gays in prison. And if there is not at the present time an organization in or around the Boston area that is specifically into the rights of all of the gay brothers and sisters, I hope that I can get enough people interested to start one. If anyone reading this has any ideas or can be of any help in regards to this matter, please write and let me know. Here is a gay poem that I wrote since I have been locked up:

*I am gay
Supporting gay pride
Knowing my own way
I will never want to hide
I will march
I will shout
I will let others know
What we are all about
I am not different
I am not pure
I am just me
I am sure.*

In gay pride and love,
William D. Concannon #23997-175
Box 88 F-Unit
Ashland, KY 41101



This week the states whose readers helped us the most by finding new subscriptions are:

Colorado, Oregon, New Hampshire, Missouri, South Carolina.

So many of our readers are helping us that we had the best week for subs that anyone here can remember! Help us keep GCN big but the price small by increasing our subscribership. If you don't have the subscription blanks we sent most of you, just use the blank in this issue, or a "reasonable facsimile," or just a semi-legible letter with name, address, ZIP, check or VISA/Mastercharge info — and your name and ZIP so we know who gets in this winner's space next week!

on bias

Community Voices,

I am impressed with Boston's Gay Pride activities. I think our march, "Artworks '80," and the other various activities have given witness to the diversity of gay male and lesbian life. The people active on the committee did their job well and they should be congratulated for their efforts. Thanks for your love and time.

The Gay Town Meeting made it clear that homosexuality exists within every class in America. There was an appeal for us to be sensitive to one another. Sexual orientation, racism, the problems facing the handicapped, and other issues were raised as examples of the biases we must confront.

I am a gay Catholic and a member of Dignity. Although the Catholic Church may consider us their thorns, many of us in Dignity consider our lifestyle a rosy one. We bear witness to the Church that we are good and we tell them that we are full members in tune with Catholicism. The Church today does not know what to do with our challenge.

I do realize that the church is confused and that there is more to the Catholic gay situation than this letter could ever acknowledge. I just want gay people to know that I and others enjoy being Catholics.

I am writing this because a collection was held at the Town Meeting to pay for the hall. It was stated that the only Catholicism left within the chairperson was the Catholic's talent for raising money. This is a slur on my religion and my heritage. I am offended by this and feel that it is an unjust attack on Catholicism. This is the first religious slur that I have heard at a gay meeting.

I do not know what it is like to live on welfare, to be black, to have children, or to be female. I do try to listen to these people, be sympathetic, and examine within myself what I have experienced with what they have said. I also try to make corrections in my life to become a better person. I do this with the help of friends and with the discovery of my own blindspots. I believe this does work.

I hope that this letter illuminates another area of bias. Please do some illuminating yourself before another religious joke is made.

Thank you,
Daniel J. Holmes
Boston, MA

the murders

Dear Editor,

I am writing to you on behalf of Workers World Party to express our party's total solidarity with the gay community in the wake of the brutal murders of three gay men in Boston during the past three weeks — Raymond Kindred, Leonard Riendeau and Charles Kimball. Three weeks ago, a large group of lesbians were also attacked by bigots and suffered serious injuries. As we expressed in our statement distributed to last night's protest march in which we participated, we are outraged that these crimes have taken place and at the atmosphere in this city which encourages bigots to attack oppressed people. As a black gay man, I am personally outraged as well.

It was not just a "happenstance" that each murdered man was gay, as Lt. Arthur Kelley of the Boston police said in the *Globe* on June 24. These attacks against lesbians and gay men in Boston are related to the murder of Harvey Milk in San Francisco, the anti-lesbian witchhunt which took place aboard the naval ship U.S.S. Norton Sound this month, and the showing of the anti-gay and lesbian movies *Cruising* and *Windows*.

When black people are murdered or attacked in Boston the police, the media and the politicians also say that the cases are not related and that the crimes are not racially motivated. When police viciously shot down and beat black people on the streets of Miami they said they were just doing their duty.

The attacks on lesbians and gay men and on all oppressed people are related. They are the direct result of the rich bankers, businessmen, and politicians who are trying to make exorbitant profits off the backs of the poor and oppressed and the only way they can get away with this is by whipping up racism, anti-lesbian and gay bigotry and sexism to divide us.

Like the rebellion in San Francisco at the slap on the wrist sentence handed out to the murderer of Harvey Milk, like the rebellion in Miami at the acquittal of the murderers of Arthur McDuffie, like the Stonewall Rebellion, oppressed people are fighting back.

We will not stand by and let any more of us be attacked or murdered. We will continue to organize and strengthen our movement and put an end to anti-lesbian and gay bigotry and all forms of oppression once and for all.

In struggle,
M.L. Yates
Workers World Party
Boston, MA

disparate voices distant visions

Dear Editor:

Last week in Iran, Khomeini's regime continued its purge of supporters of the shah by execution. Also on the firing line among other "corrupt" persons, were homosexuals.

In Cumberland, R.I. recently, 18 year old Aaron Fricke was beaten by classmates when — after being refused permission to escort his boyfriend to the high school prom — he went to Federal Court, and won.

Several women were beaten and harassed outside of the women's bar "Somewhere" here in Boston; and in Winter Park, Florida, on the same night I heard reported on the radio the strangulation of a transvestite at a local gay bar, a friend and I were chased through a park by a couple of high school-aged boys.

These are just a few of the stories, but they demonstrate the various and widespread violence enacted upon gay men and lesbians. And as long as this intolerance and hatred is manifest, defining one's sexuality, or sensibility, is a moral responsibility. But morality and responsibility are not easily soluable issues; the black and white of right and wrong, of action and inaction, is most often gray, and great courage and tenacity are necessary to see one's way through. Many of us find that strength through the light of others; through their words and work; through collective action, or some common experience shared.

Any event that makes new feeling conscious is always the most important experience a person can have. These days; it's a pressing moral imperative as well . . . Someone who has enjoyed new feelings of that kind — a reprieve, however brief, from the inhibitions on love and trust this society enforces — is never the same again. In him, the "revolution" has just started, and it continues.

Styles of Radical Will
Susan Sontag

Last year's Gay Pride March was my first, and it was just such a transforming, revolutionizing, reprieve, for me. Never before had I felt such a sense of identity, belonging. Never before had I been proud to be gay. That feeling, revolution, has continued and seen me through a year. But I doubt that this year's march could have had such an effect. It seemed a Gay Pride March set in L.A.; a caricature concocted by Woody Allen, everybody stoned or laid-back: such a lack of enthusiasm and unity. (In future years, I would suggest using the speeches to activate the march). Everyone I have talked with who was there was disappointed. I know a few people whose first march it was, and we failed them. What we must do, during this next year, is fight against such fragmentation; find — amidst our many factions, from which to work — the nucleus that is the shared core of our oppression. From this we can join hands and make concentric circles around that common experience. From this emanation comes the pride and power-energy to define ourselves; to change the world. Robin Lippincott
Somerville, MA

three strikes

Dear Editor:

Hey, sports fans, were you aware a new game swept the country in June . . . sort of a cross between baseball and King of the Mountains? Strike one was when the community of San Jose resurrected Anita Bryant's virulent homophobia in repealing that city's gay rights ordinance. Rejecting the ERA in Illinois qualified as strike two. And now the Supreme Court, in their infinite wisdom, upheld the Hyde Amendment as constitutional, insuring that strike three will be called on yet another disenfranchised group of citizens. The greatest tragedy, of course, is that the opposition's game plan incorporates a whole new set of rules: relegating homosexuals, women, and the poor to second class status represents only the beginning. Will a smugly complacent America ever mourn these erosions of freedoms? Can we really afford any more strikes against us?

Art Hoffman
Rochester, NY

limousine liberals

Dear Sirs/Mesdames;

This letter is in support of Porter Mortell's views 'on coalitions'. I expect that you will hear hysterical cries from corners of our community, since a gay man got tired of being ignored, and had the GALL to accuse GCN of being biased against the majority. As another white middle-class gay male, I am sick of GCN's bias and the popular policy of 'quotas' (tokenism). I'm not advocating that we ignore women, non-whites or the young and old members of our community: I'm demanding that we stop being 'limousine liberals' ignoring the majority.

Very Truly yours,
G. Kenneth Power
Boston, MA

Speaking Out

Where Force is the Rule: Prison Rape

By Russell D. Smith

During 1975, Warden Benson of the U.S. Penitentiary at Terre Haute, Indiana banned all gay literature from the Terre Haute penitentiary. He stated that any such literature would identify gay persons as potential targets for rape or sexual assault within the prison system. This ban spread to the rest of the prisons under the control of the U.S. Bureau of Prisons and affected me, a gay prisoner in Marion, Illinois. I filed a law suit against this ban, as did the National Gay Task Force and others. I have recently been released from prison, and although the suits have yet to be resolved, they have led me into a crusade against one of the most horrible crimes being committed against the gay community, i.e., the consistent sexual brutalization of gay people and physically weaker heterosexuals in prisons by physically stronger heterosexual prisoners. Prison officials currently blame the gay community for this brutalization.

Prison rape is a form of rape so little understood by persons outside of the prison environment that it will be required here to give a brief definitive description of it. In actuality, the official terminology is "homosexual rape," a highly misleading term that is all the more misleading in its official definition, that being "rape perpetrated and committed against any person of the same sex by homosexual aggressors" or "by aggressive homosexuals." Therefore, the gay community is condemned in the eyes of general society by a definition that is wholly erroneous as to fact. The term more recently being used, specifically "prison rape," is much more accurate in that it bespeaks of rape common to a particular environment with little if any difference from rape in any other environment. Rape is, in itself, not so much an aggression borne of the need for sexual relief as it is the conquering of one individual by another physically stronger individual as an alleviation of frustration in a technological society with the conquest epitomized in the manifestation of sexual power. Prison rape would therefore be and is the conquering of one individual by another individual in the prison environment. Prison rape is, in other words, just like any other form of rape but is simply found in the more extreme and devastatingly frustrating environment of prison.

The point where the term homosexual rape becomes erroneous in reality is that homosexuals, i.e., gay people, *per se* rarely if ever commit rape in prison. Rather, such rapes are almost always committed by heterosexual prisoners under the conditions of an all-male environment (or all-female, as the case may be) in which the only victims available are men. The rape would be notably heterosexual in an environment which was not sexually segregated. Availability notwithstanding, the situation is further aggravated by the psychological effects of the sexually segregated environment. We are all raised, regardless of our sexual preferences, in a sexually integrated society, a society where there are men and women and a choice. Removal to a sexually segregated environment such as prison, even without all of the trappings accompanying such a radical change, is a traumatic experience for anyone, and this is particularly true for the physically motivated heterosexual male. One may accept the circumstances of sexual segregation consciously, but such segregation is so foreign to anything we have been taught or have experienced that our subconscious minds can never accept it. We are thus forced to seek a parallel, a system of surrogates to replace the missing sex. Gay people, as well as the unfortunate heterosexual who is physically weaker and of a non-aggressive nature, are therefore viewed by the stronger heterosexuals as women and become the female-surrogates of the all-male environment. In a

society of rapists and murderers where brutal force is the rule rather than the exception, and where civilization is left behind for a world of barbarism and savagery, rape and sexual assault — with the related crimes of forced prostitution and unconsensual sexual bondage — become the norm.

The causes of prison rape being what they are, simply the alleviation of frustration by the conquest of another individual, prison officials are faced with the decision of either putting a stop to prison rape and ending the only outlet available to prisoners or, the alternative, ignoring it. The first priority of prison officials is prison security, however, and the outlet provided by prison rape works in the furtherance of this priority. Indeed, a physically stronger prisoner can abuse other prisoners or fight the prison officers, and the prison administrators view allowance of the latter course as not at all in keeping with their philosophy of security priorities. Prison rape is ignored, and even encouraged, and gays and physically weaker heterosexuals are the scapegoats. Likewise, to prevent people on the outside from realizing the realities of prison rape, the blame is laid upon gay literature and religions, and the entire gay community becomes the scapegoat.

Prison rape is so prevalent that even at this very moment, at least two prisoners are being raped. Statistically, over one-fifth of all prisoners are subjected to rape, sexual assault, forced prostitution, or unconsensual sexual bondage at some point during their confinement. Something must be done to put an end to this atrocity of penal confinement. There is currently a growth in militancy among victims or would-be victims of prison rape who are now joining together in an effort to protect each other from the physically and psychologically devastating effects of rape. But these groups are at the mercy of prison officials who are determined to prevent such groups from making any progress in the effort to stop prison rape. These groups need support from the outside. Further, this support cannot be effective if given on a local level. There must be a national or, ideally, an international network formed by which such support may be afforded. Not only could such an effort provide effective support, such a network could devise programs with the goal in mind of putting an end to prison rape altogether. This is the reasoning behind People Organized to Stop Rape of Imprisoned Persons (POS RIP), which is currently forming in St. Louis, Missouri. Through POS RIP, it is hoped that such a massive effort can be developed and made to work effectively. It must be. Under the current circumstances, the entire gay community is the scapegoat. *For more information, contact:*

POS RIP
P.O. Box 3001
St. Louis, MO 63130

"Speaking Out" is the column designed for the benefit of GCN readers. It is part of our continuing effort to provide a true forum of opinion for the community. We encourage you to send your thoughts, ideas, feelings and comments to us and we encourage you to respond to any ideas expressed in this space. The opinions expressed in "Speaking Out" do not necessarily reflect the views of the newspaper, the staff or the advertisers. Write c/o Speaking Out, GCN, 22 Bromfield St., Boston, MA 02108

Community Voices

the people's history before disco

Dear GCN,

Glad to see the article on the Boston Area Lesbian and Gay History Project. The several, grass-roots history projects are, I think, among the most exciting recent off-shoots of the Movement — what I've been calling "History for the People."

I'd like to inform you of the Lesbian and Gay History Project of New York. We are a small group of lesbians and gay men who are beginning the work of reclaiming the lesbian and gay history of this city. We act as a support group for individuals doing their own research, and as a focus for generating group projects that can be shared with the large New York lesbian and gay communities.

The Lesbian and Gay History Project of New York recently sponsored an all-day workshop on oral history research in the lesbian and gay community. We hope to make the tapes of this workshop available in a pamphlet to the larger community.

On Saturday, July 19 a talk with slides on "Gay Germany: From the Gay and Lesbian Rights Movement to the Holocaust, 1860-1935," will be presented by James Steakley, as a fund-raiser for our continuing work. (8:30 PM, Wash. Sq. Methodist Church, 135 W. 4th St., N.Y.C., \$3 donation, more if you can, less if you can't.) Steakley is one of the most knowledgeable persons in the U.S. on the early struggle of gay men and lesbians in Germany and their fate under the Nazis. Jonathan member
Lesbian and Gay History Project of New York
c/o E.A. Duggan, 61 Jane St.
New York, NY 10014

P.S.: I'm sorry to have to inform the Boston Area Project that Walt Whitman met Peter Doyle on a street car in Washington, D.C., contrary to the claim in the GCN article.

GCN welcomes letters to "Community Voices." If at all possible, your letters should be TYPED and DOUBLE-SPACED. Anonymous letters will not be published, but names will be withheld upon request. Letters should be addressed to Community Voices, GCN, 22 Bromfield St., Boston, MA 02108.

Dear GCN,

The article entitled "Social History, Homosexuality and the Boston Experience" that appeared in the June 28 issue was one of the most perceptive that I have read on the subject of gay history. It seems to me that we will never have any sense of identity without coming to know our past. This is no easy task when one considers the extent to which the white heterosexual patriarchy has attempted to annihilate all gay identity. Even today the heterosexual academic community still denies, for example, that there is such a thing as a homosexual tradition in American poetry, as witnessed by a particularly obnoxious review in the May 30 issue of the *Times Literary Supplement* of Robert Martin's excellent study of gay American poetry. The sons of bitches still deny the homoerotic content of Whitman's work!

For this reason I think the work of people like Jonathan Katz and the Lesbian Herstory Archives is particularly vital if we are ever to understand our history. Looking at some of the photographs and illustrations in the article on the Boston experience, I was made acutely aware once more that the likes of us have always existed. For some this may appear so obvious as to be trivial, but in general I think it is important to make the post-Stonewall generation aware that, yes, there were gay people "before disco." Sincerely,
Charles Stone
Hanover, NH

gloria

Dear Editor,

After a joyful day of gay pride I was horrified to find a two-page ad in your paper calling for gay support of Gloria Vanderbilt and Roy Cohn. Gloria Vanderbilt's advertising campaign is a classic example of financial exploitation of the heterosexual image of the perfect woman and her ass. Roy Cohn's lifetime has been devoted to repression of the most insidious nature. One of his most significant crimes against personal freedom was his involvement with the House Un-American Activities Committee which, among other things, championed the gay witch hunts within the government and armed services. No progressive paper should ever accept this kind of advertising.
Sarah Schulman
Washington, DC

I street beach

GCN,

"We don't want your type around here . . . Get moving," said a black-haired, stocky man. The scene was 3 p.m. of a sunny Sunday at South Boston's L Street Beach (a city-run beach for men only). His remarks were aimed at two young men who had been sitting on the beach.

Just moments before, I saw the black-haired man walk over to the two men and tell them to get off the beach. He was ready to punch them when I looked up from reading a newspaper, and yelled, "Hey, stop that." My yell stopped the punch as the two men meekly obeyed the threat and walked past the black-haired man to the bath house, leaving the beach.

The two men had no idea of the hate of the black-haired man or they would have headed directly out of the area. They must have gone to the showers, as the black-haired man (about 20 to 24 years old) kept boiling in his hatred and went inside the bath house. He caught up with the two men and although I didn't witness the encounter, I heard others say, "There was a fight."

The black-haired man said "I must have hit his eye tooth; my knuckle is bleeding." A younger man who had watched the punching said, "I couldn't hit anyone like that. They were so helpless." "They admitted they were queer," said another follower of the black-haired man, "and said they hadn't done anything to bother anyone."

This is reported because violence against homosexuals at L Street is not an isolated incident. And the saddest part is that outside of my yell to "Stop that," no one else attempted to stop the brutality.
Martin Goodwin,
Boston, MA

news writer

GCN is accepting applications for the position of Boston Investigative/Legislative News Reporter. This is a half-time position. Address inquiries and resumes to Richard Burns, GCN, 22 Bromfield St., Boston, MA 02108.

we'll find peace

Dear Editor,

I'm writing this letter on behalf of myself and all the other convicts who are gay and receive the *Gay Community News*.

I've been in prison for quite some time now and am pretty out of touch with the gay world, but thanks to GCN I'm getting back into the swing of things.

Gay persons who happen to be behind the bars and walls of this country's correctional institutions are receiving the hostile attitudes that "free" gays were victim to years ago.

With all the liberation in the free world, it's a bummer for us prisoners to be treated like worthless, perverted faggots because we're gay!

If the fight on the outside continues, I'm sure we gay prisoners will soon find peace through your efforts.

Thanks for keeping us informed,
Randi Orick #142376
Marquette, MI

boo, hiss

Dear Editor,

BOO and HISS for that cartoon on page 7, June 28, for reasons I shouldn't have to enumerate. (I do have a sense of humor . . . but it isn't funny.)

Peggy Lynch
Cambridge, MA

wonderfully subversive

Dear Editor:

As a long-time lover of absurdist humor, tongue in cheek, Monty Python, Edward Gorey, Kliban, Alice In Wonderland, and Oriana Fallaci, I have a new found love: the works of Jennifer Camper.

Humor among gay movement types is as rare as virginity, if not rarer. Neo-Victorianism is alive and well. Grammar school teachers told me to keep my hands out of my pockets and my peers sometimes warn of eternal damnation for all those politically "incorrect" acts.

Here, here. Let's have more of the wonderfully subversive art of Jennifer Camper week and week.

Cheek to cheek,
Joe Martin
Cambridge, MA
P.S. Begone, before someone drops a house on you!

New York Pride

Continued from Page 1
now" to the beat of the marching band's bass drum.

As they passed the cathedral, members of the Gay Atheists League of America (GALA) chanted, "The church says kneel down — we say stand up." Members of the North American Man/Boy Love Association (NAMBLA) countered with, "The church says kneel down — we say suck cock."

CSLDC plans called for the march to proceed up Fifth Avenue past the entrance to Central Park used in previous years to the 97th St. entrance and the East Meadow, where their rally would be held. They expected marchers sympathizing with LGMPC, whose rally was to be held at the Great Lawn at 81st St., to break off from the march at about 79th St.

"We [CSLDC marshals] are going to link arms and try to prevent as many people as we can from going in there," a marshal told GCN. "We won't stop anyone who really wants to go from going — we'll just try to discourage people."

CSLDC's expectations, however, turned out to be wrong. The start of the march passed the 58th Street park entrance without incident; however, part of the lesbian

contingent veered off and turned onto 58th Street to enter the park. Members of LGPMC, standing in the street at the intersection, began shouting "Don't go straight — turn at 58th," at marchers with the aid of a bullhorn.

Members of CSLDC countered with their own shouts of "Go up Fifth," attempting to drown out the chants of LGPMC members.

As people broke away from the march to join the chanting and shouting or to find out what the shouting was about, the intersection became crowded, and marchers going in either direction had to force their way through the throngs of people standing at the site.

As police attempted to move the crowds onto the sidewalks and clear the intersection, members of the two groups began shouting at one another. "Go ahead, go up-town — have a racist and sexist march if you want to," shouted one woman. "We have a perfect right to tell people where to go," retorted her opponent.

Many marchers appeared unaware of the reasons behind the conflict between the two groups and confused by the 58th St. altercation. Asked why she was joining the 81st St. rally, one woman told GCN, "I don't know — I was told that this was the women's rally."

Other marchers refused comment.

The marchers who went to the Great Lawn rally heard LGMPC members Juanita Ramos and Steve Ault explain that the group held their rally at that site, despite the lack of a permit, out of anger at the city's Parks Department and frustration with the "offensiveness" of CSLDC members.

Ramos said that the Parks Department refused to issue a permit to either march group for the Great Lawn because it was booked up throughout the summer for softball games. Ramos said that the other large site offered to the groups, the East Meadow, where the CSLDC rally was held, was

Forum

continued from page 3
mission.

— Herbert Weiss called for a severe economic penalty on perpetrators of domestic violence to discourage domestic violence.

— Smoki Bacon added her support to rape staircase legislation, and she said she would work to educate the corporations on sexual harassment issues. "People have to know what their rights are. I would favor people being hired by corporations knowing exactly what their rights are. There should be someplace in the corporation they can go to address

unacceptable to LGMPC because it was too far away and because the Great Lawn site was not rescheduled, as it had been for other groups, for political reasons.

Harold Pickett of LGMPC told GCN that about 4000 marchers had broken off from the march to attend the 81st St. rally. Although a much smaller number seemed to be present at the wooded rally site, Pickett said that many of those persons were wandering about the area and could not be seen.

The majority of marchers continued up Fifth Avenue to the East Meadow rally site, where they heard representatives of Gay Liberation Allows Drag (GLAD),

Gay and Lesbian Blind, Gay Youth, and the Comité Homosexual Latino-Americano, among others.

The split between the two groups originated in a controversy over the inclusion of David Thorstad, a member of the North American Man/Boy Love Association, as a speaker at the March on Albany (see GCN, Vol. 7, No. 39). The controversy caused a rift in the Coalition for Lesbian and Gay Rights (CLGR); several CLGR member groups broke off from CSLDC to form LGMPC. (see GCN, Vol. 7, No. 46).

their grievances." On domestic violence, Bacon said her feelings were "very strong." "Having had a mother who was a victim of domestic violence in the house, I know what it is to be a five year old child and not know where to turn." She said she has worked in a center for domestically-abused women and knows that most women (in such cases) "have no place to go." Bacon called for more day care centers and residences for victims of domestic violence.

— Alexander Bok said all the

issues relate to the way society views women and stated support for issues that provide women the means for greater independence. "I would work very hard for quality, workplace day care. I think it ties in with all these issues."

— Gary Dotterman and David O'Connor expressed stances similar to other candidates on rape staircasing, domestic violence and harassment.

Responses to the candidates among audience members varied.

continued on page 7

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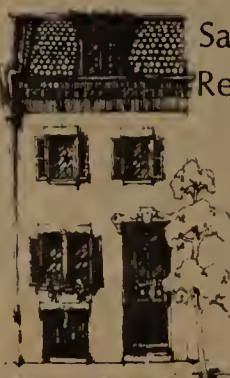
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San Francisco Pride

Continued from Page 1

Souza. Vandenberg and Souza said that they had arranged with Britt to introduce Tyler, but that he had backed off at the last minute. Vandenberg explained the reason behind the confrontation this way: "The whole thing was meant to show that women were taking power back. Women had to take a stand to regain solidarity and a sense of pride," adding, "Robin was not the main issue."

There was some sentiment expressed at the parade that Tyler was on a bit of an ego trip, but others claimed that she was genuinely indifferent about her own right to speak, seeing herself as an important symbol of the community will.

The Robin Tyler controversy somewhat overshadowed some other significant speeches. Women members of the musical group Alive! managed to do an end run around the parade committee leadership's decision to omit an American Indian spokesperson as voted by the parade general membership. A spokesperson for Alive! introduced Barbara Cameron, from the Gay American Indian movement.

It was later explained that Cameron was just a part of the band, and that her remarks were

part of their set. Alive! yielded part of their performing time to Cameron to make a First World critique of the parade leadership.

Noting that the theme of the parade was "Liberty and Justice for All," Cameron said, "In the beginning, when there was not going to be a platform of politically conscious speakers, I thought it was blasphemous to have such a strong rally and call for the parade." Cameron charged that the rally, as planned by the leadership would have been better labeled "Entertainment and Jugglers for All."

Cameron conceded that gays are oppressed as a class, but she charged that there were those in the lesbian and gay community who "have adopted the oppressive and subversive tactics of heterosexual society by exercising censorship and perpetuating alienation and distrust within our community."

Cameron reminded her audience that "it as the Puerto Rican drag queens who took the first major and courageous act of resistance against the brutality and harassment of gay people." She asserted that there are "some gay people who want to shut down the voices of truth because it doesn't benefit their

pocketbook."

Cameron cited a list of alienations she feels within the gay community, noting, "the leftist faggots hate the Castro clones. The Castro clones hate the effeminists. Separatist gay men and women hate each other. Bigots hate Chicano, black, Asian, and Native American gays. The flannel dykes distrust dykes in dresses, and everybody's embarrassed by the drag queens."

"We must begin to stop this insane invalidation of each other," Cameron demanded, "Our diversity is our strength, and our strength is our pass to our freedom."

She chided the crowd to not think that "because we have a gay supervisor, we really have it made in this town. We must not forget that it was a short 19 months ago that Harvey Milk was murdered, and his murderer got away with nothing short of a hero's medal."

Anne Kronenberg was an administrative aide to the late Harvey Milk in City Hall. Kronenberg was the lesbian and gay community's consensus candidate to succeed the slain Milk. She was selected by the parade leadership to round out the list of official speakers, although her name wasn't on the list approved by the

parade membership committee.

Kronenberg devoted part of her remarks to a warning about the latest threat to the system of district election of supervisors in San Francisco, the system that helped facilitate Milk's election from District Five. "District elections have been important to the growth of the gay community, and certainly other movements in San Francisco. It has at last allowed minority groups to have a direct voice on the board," Kronenberg said.

In addition to the parade held in San Francisco, there were gay pride celebrations held in Sacramento, Los Angeles, and in the East Bay area of the San Francisco Bay community.

The Los Angeles celebration was reported to have involved a crowd of 80,000 people, with at least 10,000 marchers.

In Sacramento, about 750 marchers marched in a 16-block parade and won the cheers of many on the sidewalks of the state capitol.

About 750 to 1000 members of the lesbian and gay community in the East Bay area, encompassing Oakland and Berkeley, celebrated East Bay Gay Day on June 22, one week before the San Francisco celebration.

Back Bay

Continued from Page 6

One woman said all the candidates left her with much to be desired. "I suppose we've been spoiled by Barney. None of the candidates seem that good. None seem to have a solid grasp on the issues. I can't see any of them going very far in the Legislature."

Ann Maguire, co-coordinator of the Mass. Gay Political Caucus, thought the candidates might "went very well." "The questions from the panel and from the audience helped to show the real differences among the candidates. Some obviously cared to find out about women's and gay issues on the federal level, on the state level. People are going beyond simply stating support for gay rights."

Commenting on the only two women candidates, Smoki Bacon and Mary Mullen, Maguire added: "I was concerned that the women candidates had little to say about the impact of the Supreme Court Hyde Amendment decision on abortions for the poor. It was interesting that some of the male candidates commented on the decision, but the women didn't seem to see the impact of the decision on poor women, on all women, on the E.R.A."

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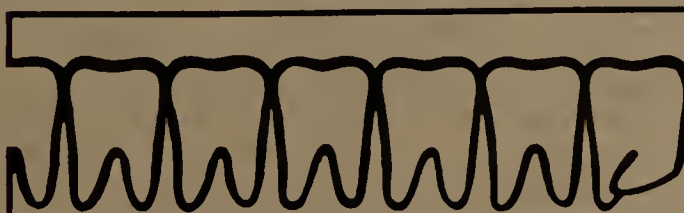
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By Maida Tilchen & Helen Weinstock

In June 1974, I received a letter from my aunt Helen, the first in a wonderful correspondence we have had since then. As you will find out from these letters, my aunt, like myself, is a lesbian. She recently turned 61 years old, and lives in Israel.

I'm sure every lesbian and gay man has wondered whether she or he has a gay relative. I often wondered about my aunt Helen, who had always been the "black sheep" of my family. I knew that she had lived in San Francisco throughout my childhood, and had moved to Israel in 1968. Unlike all my other aunts, she did not live in the New York metropolitan area and was not married. She only visited once, when I was eight years old, and I don't remember meeting her then, so my only contact with her were the letters she sometimes sent me about her motorcycle, camping trips, and pets. In my grandparent's apartment were several beautiful artifacts from Japan, which my aunt had sent them when she worked there as a nurse during the Korean War. Occasionally we received Hanukkah cards signed "Helen and Marion" — once I asked my mother who Marion was, and my mother blushed and mumbled something about it not being important for me to know.

When I came out, and met lesbian women, I started to wonder if my aunt might be one — she seemed to have all the indicators. But I had completely lost contact with her. Then, in June 1974, totally out of the blue, I received a letter from her. I was thrilled, and hoped to find out if she was gay, but decided to proceed very slowly. I was afraid that if she wasn't gay, she might stop writing to me if I came out to her. As you will see from the letters, both of us were groping towards coming out to each other. Once that landmark was passed, Helen and I really opened up to each other, and have since been confidantes for each other's love affairs, dreams, and troubles. My letters to her became my journal of the last six years. Her letters to me are becoming the record of a fascinating and fully-lived life. Published here are some of her earliest letters.

June 20, 1974: Frankly, I don't know where to begin . . . I have lost all contact with the Tilchen branch. In her last letter, your sister gave me your address but not a word as to your activities — and how does someone you scarcely know go about asking personal questions? She did not mention whether or not you had married, so if you have, I hope this will reach you under the name of Tilchen.

In my reply, I told Helen what I had been doing with my life, including the following:

August 1974: Another thing that has been happening in my life was that I lost interest in communes and got interested in the women's liberation movement. I got involved in women's liberation in Bloomington, Indiana, about 70 miles from the rural town I was living in as a VISTA. I now live in the Bloomington Women's Center, with Fran Koski, who was my best friend in high school. I work on our monthly women's newsletter, and help arrange and publicize meetings.

I'm really excited to write to you because I think my life is going to be a lot more like yours than my mother's. I wish you'd tell me more about your life. What kind of social life did you have in California? I think of it as a place where non-conformists disappear into and lead great lives. Please don't hesitate to ask me personal questions as I trust you and want you to know me better.

July 13, 1974: How happy I was to receive your letter and to know that I am not the only oddball in the family. So much of what you write reminds me of things I also did — and so much you have done that sounds wonderful — thoughts of "If I could have—" My parents did not allow me to take an academic high school course or go to college. When I was young there was no VISTA (I was thinking of joining it before I came to Israel). I graduated from high school with a commercial diploma, in the midst of the depression, hating office work and, after a few miserable experiences managed to get away from it. Jobs were very hard to get: 1.) the depression, 2.) lack of experience, 3) very active anti-Semitism. Advertisements could actually state "White Christian only." I have washed spittoons in a pool parlor, packed rolls of hard candies, engine lathe operator (that I liked), wirer and solderer. I also sold door to door, all sorts of crap and crud including Fuller brushes. For a few summers I worked as a Coney Island barker or talker. Was offered a job as a freak — "the girl with the hole in her tongue.

Watch as a hook is inserted right through the air." I chickened out only because it might embarrass the family if someone saw me. At that time the whole family was living in Brooklyn. Oh, in case you are wondering — I do not have a hole in my tongue. It was a gimmick (disappointed?) I often say, "I've been everything but a prostitute or a thief." That's not true. When I was in New Orleans my friend had lost all our money in a poker game and all our friends were broke. In fact she and I were the only ones who had a room so everyone slept there crosswise on the big bed and made the rounds of the market area returning with such diverse and exotic articles as pate de foi gras, cheeses, loaves of bread, fruit, and vegetables. Finally, I got a job as a waitress and she in a hot dog joint and we were able to enter a market without looking first for the fuzz.

Women's lib is not a new movement. It's just the name that's different. Way back when (even before my time) the women were called Bloomer Girls. It was their activities which earned women's suffrage . . . certainly no man has gone to much trouble to free us from bondage unless he was forced to by women. I don't know much about your father's family and their hangups, but I do know my father has never forgiven me because I never married and never did anything to increase the tribe of Israel which is the "duty" of every Jewish female. Would like, very much, to see your women's lib newsletter. Incidentally, do you find many gay women in your group and do you run into problems because of this?

My feelings about women's lib are these: the goals should be for complete legal and social equality of opportunity . . . I agree with you that women in power should not be just like men in power. There is a difference between the sexes besides the merely biological.

Was just about to close when I realized I hadn't told you anything about coming to Israel so I'd just as well babble on some more.

Had been sharing quarters (on Hartford St in S.F.) for a number of years with a friend whom I'd originally met at a New Year's Party of a sort of Women's Lib club before the name Women's Lib became popular. Marion was born a Catholic, but wasn't a practicing one and her family was very close to me. If there was a birthday party or a christening, a wedding or a wake, it was taken for granted that I would be there with the rest of the family, and on my birthday all of them came to celebrate with us. I don't remember exactly how the idea of coming to Israel originated, but we felt it was one of the few countries in the world with ideals . . .

December 1974: To be perfectly frank, I am very curious about you. I spend a lot of time thinking about different ways women might live their lives, and yours is very unique from most women of your age I have met. If you don't mind telling me, I'd like to know how you feel about the choices you've made in your life: to live far from your family, to live in a "bohemian" city like San Francisco. It seems from your letter that you committed a lot of yourself to your former roommate, Marion. As I am very close to Fran, I can understand that. I think we might be very much alike.

January 12, 1975: I will start by answering the end of your letter first, which will either clarify things and make communications between us more free, or if I completely misunderstand you, will (possibly) end all further correspondence.

Marion and I met at a New Year's party of the Daughters of Bilitis in 1958. Although it is some time since I was in the states, it was quite an active group of feminists at that time, and I imagine they are still in existence. I had been living alone (voluntarily) for some years and was not planning on any "commitments," but eventually, we decided to live together and did for about eight years.

. . . Maybe when I read this letter over in the a.m. after a good night's sleep, I will get cold feet and write something more innocuous. After all, the last time I spilled the beans (to my father) the well-known shit sure hit the fan.

Marion left Israel saying she would study Hebrew in the U.S. and study for conversion to the Jewish faith (not for religious reasons, but because she wanted to become an Israeli and she felt she would be able to adjust better if she "belonged") And so the months went by: at first, many letters with plans for our future, slowing dying down . . . I did make many sacrifices for her, and her for me, but, in the end, I guess I was more committed to my country than to her. Marion was not the first woman in my life, but I think she will be the last. I put my all into this rela-

tionship, and it was not enough. Perhaps, I am too old to allow myself to be torn asunder again. I fill my time with work, lectures, concerts, camping trips, and platonic, casual acquaintances. It is a fairly satisfactory life, although a bit juiceless. How do I feel about the choices I have made? Perhaps, had we not come to Israel, we would still be together. Who knows? But one cannot live one's life dreaming of the perhappes which are strewn throughout our careers on this globe. Perhaps, if my parents had permitted me to study to be a teacher, as I had wanted, perhaps, perhaps, I could name you a dozen crossroads with the signpost of "PERHAPS," and have long learned not to dwell on the perhappes but to go on from where I am at present — and to enjoy what is available. That is not to say that I will not strive for better, and perhaps, for something slightly beyond my reach, but never to look backward and dwell, morbidly, on what is lost and cannot be regained or changed.

January 1975: I wanted to write immediately to assure you that the "well-known shit" will not hit the fan in this case. We are lesbians (yay!) but I had no specific reason to believe you were one but I suspected it from your lifestyle. I really want you to know how thrilling this is for me and Fran, especially for me. We wanted to ask you some questions. Don't feel you have to answer them. We don't know any gay women older than us, and that's why we're asking you. You are a heroine to us, because you made your own life at a time when it was much harder to do than now. We are really curious about the bar scene. Was it the style in San Francisco to associate with gay men? We do, but many women here don't. Tell us more about the earlier days of D.O.B. The image of D.O.B. now is that it was conservative and aimed at "adjustment." Right now many lesbian groups have the "I'm gay and proud" philosophy. Was there ever a split like that in D.O.B.? Please tell us about your childhood, and how you "came out."

January 30, 1975: If you had seen one picture taken of me when I was four or five years old, you would not have had any doubts. I believe that homosexuality is, in the majority of instances, a result of environmental influences and from the earliest day it was said of me, "Helen is just like her father." I remember once, when I must have been around seven and was getting my hair cut; the barber asked how the back was to be cut and my mother said, "pointed, like a boy, because she likes it like a boy."

When I was a camper at a girls' scout camp (age 14 or 15) I recognized that the bugler was gay and that she and the director's daughter were lovers. It did not shock me and seemed most natural; but I did not think of myself as gay although I felt attracted to girls. (I did not think in terms of "homosexual" but as one human being's relationship to another without regard to the sex of each.) whereas, as soon as it finally penetrated what I was (when I got to Greenwich Village) I had not feelings of guilt — just was surprised that it had taken me so long to reach the realization of so obvious a fact.

I left home right after my 21st birthday (in those days parents had legal authority until age 21 and mine were not above enforcing it.) About a year later I met my first gay boy who brought me to Greenwich Village, which, in those days, was the Mecca of the artists, writers — and the gay crowd. At first, not knowing how to break into the gay girl's crowd (he didn't know any) I associated with the "boys" and with the straight artists and writers — then I saw Katie, a deaf girl. I managed to be around the places she usually went to, and, finally, got her to pick me up (she never found out how I had worked on that.) We were together some time although she lived at her home. My circle of friends changed to the deaf-gay crowd; however, she was a very role-playing, untouchable butch, eventually cut her long naturally curling black hair and looked like a cute little boy — which destroyed my interest and put a period to the relationship.

Although I would have preferred a more female to female relationship, role playing was the way of life amongst all the lesbians I knew. One was expected to be either "butch" or "fem." Those who did not conform were contemptuously referred to as people who didn't know their own minds, so, since I was not attracted by imitation men, I became "butch."

Gay boys and girls mixed quite freely, only a small minority confined themselves solely to their own sex (socially, I am not talking about sexually) and quite often I was the only female in a group of boys and "passed" as one of them. I lived with Kay R. (no the deaf girl) for some years, and since she worked

enings, often went out with a group of boys to strictly boys bars. Only my personal friends knew I was a girl and the men brought drinks for me and my friends in an attempt to try to "make" me.

I put in many hours as a volunteer for the Air Force at the start of World War II and was the third female examined for the women's army — and the first rejected due to my almost non-existent vision in my right eye. The war years were spent in defense work, volunteer work, and giving a pint of blood every two months (I have a fairly rare type) until I became ill and was given my choice of either hospital or go to a warmer climate. No Blue Cross in those days, so I thought, "if I have to spend all that money, I'd just as soon enjoy it." So that was the first time I left the NY-NJ environs, to Miami. Eventually when the war ended I got to Japan, working for the U.S. government. I planned to go to Germany on the same type of job but fell in love with San Francisco and never got to Europe. I did return to NY and started my nurse's training there, but the climate was again too much for me. I decided to return to San Francisco, where I belonged. Graduated as registered nurse in 1954.

I worked for the U.S. army in occupied Japan. I was exposed by a very unbalanced bisexual woman with whom I had refused to have relations. My girlfriend (a Japanese medical student) was raped by the CID (intelligence) officer assigned to the case in order "to teach her how much better a man was than a woman." She was a virgin. Why didn't I do anything? During the occupation our wonderful GIs ran amuck in Japan and did what they damn well pleased. They would get on a Japanese bus and demand cameras, wrist watches. They raped, stole, and just plain took. At best, they bought girls favors for food and other of life's necessities which were very scarce among the Japanese at that time. All this was with the unspoken approval of the U.S. army. Homosexuality, at that time, was strictly illegal and had any big outcry been made, Mariko and her family (her father was a dentist) would have been disgraced for life, and she would have had to drop her medical schooling. I did manage to contact a high officer in psychiatric services and get his promise of protection for Mariko from future harassment by the man (he had told her he would come every week to do the same thing and she was about to commit suicide) on my agreement to leave quietly. I tried to get her to the U.S. after that, but the immigration laws were very strict. I knew that Mariko was, basically, a hetero (we had discussed this a long time back) and that this was a unique experience in her life. I felt that she could marry a man and that it was not correct to allow her to spend the best years waiting. It was one of the most difficult letters I have ever written. I heard from a mutual friend, about a month later, that she had suddenly married and I never heard from her again.

In its earliest years, DOB was a progressive groups and accepted anyone who wanted to join — from way out role players to straight women interested in homosexual problems or women's problems in general. As time went by, a small nucleus of the more active ones sort of took it over; women who came to all meetings and worked on all projects. As is true in most group activities and clubs, it gradually became more conservative; the more colorful people and "social misfits" being discouraged. Once, I think it was the first national DOB convention, we were the hosts in San Francisco and local members were asked to accept, as free guests in their homes, members from out of state who had no place to stay. I noticed that most of the others chose conservative looking people. One guest whose description sounded as though she might stick out like a bearded queen at a women's lib party (that doesn't sound odd enough) — anyway — she was sympathetically discussed by all, but no one chose her so your dopey aunt volunteered — and she was somewhat of a social problem. The poor thing did try so hard. She had actually bought a dress — the first in her life (and she was in her 30s). I had to show her how to put on a brassiere. This incident cooled me to DOB. It showed them to be a bunch of snobs and, soon after this, I sort of dropped out of their "active" list, and, just occasionally, came around on their big social nights and eventually just the New Year's parties.

Glad to hear that you have seen "The Ladder." We used to assemble, fold, and staple the sheets together (is it still mimeographed?) no, I think we had some other type of duplication even then. My name on the Ladder mailing list was "Dorothy Winton." Of course, I know Phyllis Lyons and Del Martin. Are they still together? It was at one of their New Year's parties that I met Marion.

Continued on page 12



Helen as a schoolgirl in New York's Lower East Side, 1925.



Helen, in the center, surrounded by her Girl Scout friends, 1937.



Helen in Miami, 1942.

Letters from My Aunt



A friend and Helen, 1943. He was a notorious queen in New York City.



Helen and Helen's Rabbit in Tokyo, 1948

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Ermangarde Keep Smiling Uncle Sam Wants You

By Gregg Howe

Despite the fact that I try to remain not abreast of current events, preferring instead to learn of them only after the foolish and embarrassing facts have been consigned to history books, occasionally some timely detail reaches even my well-guarded consciousness. Recognition of such a detail can lead to any number of emotional reactions on my part such as anger, compassion, or more commonly hilarity. Mr. Carter, who has managed avoiding hearing of me more successfully than I of him, has suggested that we reinstate the draft. This has driven me to a first — zealous patriotic public spirit.

It is my contention that a volunteer military is possible. That huge advertising campaign into which the U.S. government poured so many dollars in the 1970s, predominantly aimed at convincing young men that the military was nothing more than a khaki-colored country club cum travel bureau-university, was doomed to failure because it was misdirected. The entire campaign was directed at young heterosexuals, who as far as I can see have never proven their interest in the military in the first place, whereas gay men have been vocally stating their interest in the military for the past 10 years. Through the lengthy and much publicized Matlovich and Berg cases the U.S. government has shown that it remains unalterably opposed to known homosexuals serving their country. Unknown homosexuals are apparently welcomed. This fact alone is enough to attract many homosexuals. All human beings want what they can't have (so Psychology 101 informed me). If this tired maxim has even a grain of truth then there must be thousands upon thousands of gay men who are literally dying to serve

their country. My message to Mr. Carter is *let them*.

The following is but the outline of a proposal that I, after little deliberation and with no regard for or knowledge of existing military procedure, am drafting for the benefit of the commander-in-chief of the armed forces of the United States of America.

1. Tom of Finland, who has already contributed a great many drawings depicting the possibilities of military service, should be commissioned to design a major recruiting poster campaign. These posters could be emblazoned with slogans such as *Uncle Sam Thinks You're Hot*, *The Marines Builds Hunks*, *See the World's Gay Bars*, or *Find the Man You Need in the Barracks*.
2. Costume in the guise of uniform is already a major element of many gay men's wardrobes. The military would give this penchant for costume economical and useful expression. One day the enlistee is parading about in an MP's sleek uniform; the next he's in fitted fatigues. What other organization provides its members with so many outfits replete with matching hat, gloves and shoes — not to mention the mix and match possibilities with so many popular accessories such as dog tags, helmets, ammo belts, and bazookas. One's imagination cannot help being fired by focusing on what a Halston or a Bob Mackie could do for that *just butch but natural look*.
3. In order to make basic training more attractive there is no reason why all that physical exercise, the running of obstacle courses etc., can't be done to a pulsating disco beat. No more endless and oftentimes expensive hours at the gym for the

physically self-conscious faggot. The creation of *the body* would be an integral part of his daily routine.

4. Another important plus for the switch to a gay military lies in the fact that existing facilities could be utilized. The barracks' stark, cot-strewn decor and the white-tiled shower rooms are the stuff gay bath houses are made of. The ease with which the sophisticated gay male could adapt himself to this living arrangement and its inherent erotic possibilities is based in his socialization.
5. The military provides training and role models for its members in so many specialties that already play a role in current gay male culture. This list includes mechanics, pilots, authority figures, disciplinarians, slaves, and those autocratic but charming drill sergeants about whom one hears so much.
6. A gay military would by its very nature eradicate a major source of concern of the existing military — sexual frustration. Two hundred hunky faggots, in the best physical shape of their lives, wearing tight white navy duck, could stay aboard ship for endless periods of time creating new and exciting variations on already age-old themes — not to mention the hot possibilities which a cosy foxhole dug for three could accommodate.

In summation, it is my biased opinion that the existing military establishment could be rapidly and economically adapted to the current obsessions of many gay men — a world of fantasy and reality united that would no doubt make many of the initial enlistees lifers, thus making the ever popular phrase "lick my boots" not only sexually exciting but useful.

Film

Dancing in the Streets

Fame

Directed by Alan Parker

Written by Christopher Gore

With Irene Cara, Antonia Francesco, Anne Meara, and Paul McCrane.

At the Sack Paris.

By Maida Tilchen

The test of a good musical is supposed to be whether you leave the theatre whistling. *Fame* is so high-powered that I ran up a two-flight escalator, vaulted over a turnstyle, danced across Government Center plaza, and bounced off a tree. Not only is the singing and dancing in this movie excellent, it is also done in a spontaneous and natural way, giving it a realistic quality much more exciting and inspiring than the staged musical sequences in most movie musicals. *Fame* has all the exuberance and anarchy that last year's *Hair* tried for but never achieved.

The movie's story is a series of intertwined subplots about various students at Manhattan's High School of Performing Arts. The emphasis is on the musical talents of the students and not their personal lives. These talents range from composing synthesizer symphonies to stand-up comedy, and include dancing ranging from ballet to disco to Twyla Tharp.

The main characters are appealing, although I preferred their musical performances to their clichéd angst. There was a student from every major ethnic group in

New York, plus a gay male character. They all were seeking not so much fame as the opportunity to develop and display their talents. The movie, done by TV commercial director Alan Parker, showcases those talents expertly. The mostly unknown cast is superb in both musical and dance performing and acting. The dance sequences are marvelous, especially a thoroughly anarchistic scene which has hundreds of students pouring out of their classrooms and into a crowded Manhattan street, dancing on the cars and between the brawlers. It's so Hollywood and also, so '80s: the desire for individual development within the chaos of society and the cynicism instilled by the character Ralph, who seeks gold and glory as a comic despite his horror at the fate of his idol, Freddy Prinze.

This movie does have some glaring faults: the worst is probably that the dance scenes are so inviting that they will probably cause the artificial resuscitation of disco. Seriously, the treatment of the gay character is, as usual, ludicrous and unnecessarily negative. I suspect that the movie's writers based their subplots on high school experiences of the '50s: not only does the gay youth talk about his psychoanalyst constantly, but a young woman is convinced that her whole future is ended because she has to get an abortion. Would you believe that a gay character in

a 1980 movie, meant to be sympathetic and likeable, actually says "Gay used to be such a happy word. But I'm OK. My psychoanalyst has convinced me that never being happy isn't the same as being unhappy." Groan. What makes this character particularly ridiculous is that he's supposed to be the only gay student at a New York high school for dancers, actors, and musicians. But don't miss the movie because of this: he is presented as a nice guy and a good friend. Politically correct or not, his lack of defensiveness does turn the hostility of a queerbaiter to respect. This character's story is actually a cinematic presentation of what has been a very common plot in novels about gay people in high school: the gay kid has a crush on a straight kid and accepts a masochistic, one-sided friendship. In other scenes in *Fame*, a straight male ballet dancer calmly dumped garbage on some men who call him a "faggot," and the phenomenon of the *Rocky Horror Show* cult is recorded forever on film, as an audience is shown doing the "Time Warp," etc.

I still have hopes that Hollywood will turn out an unobjectionable gay character some day. I don't think *Fame* was trying to portray its gay character negatively, I think that the writers are just very naive about gay people. They ended up with a character who is sympathetic, but hopelessly, and fortunately, out-dated.

The Resurrection of Charlotte Perkins Gilman

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN:

THE MAKING OF A RADICAL FEMINIST, 1860-1896

By Mary A. Hill

Temple University Press, Philadelphia, PA

Bibliography, 362 pp.

Reviewed by Michael Bronski

It is no surprise that history is written by and for those in power. The research and discoveries made by a new wave of lesbian, gay and women historians have shown us again and again that we have a rich and complex legacy that can both instruct and inform our present condition. Mary Hill's biography of Charlotte Perkins Gilman is an important addition to our understanding of those lives that have been "lost" (i.e. buried) and are now being rediscovered.

Important historical and social figures are "lost" because they are threatening. Aphra Behn, Magnus Hirschfeld, von Gloden, and George Sand have all been reduced to footnotes; their thoughts and contributions obscured by those who would have us think that if straight white men didn't do it, it wasn't done at all. This unnatural selection occurs all the time, and *Charlotte Perkins Gilman: The Making of a Radical Feminist* brings this truth home. To (very loosely) paraphrase Oscar Wilde, to lose Aphra Behn is a misfortune; to lose Charlotte Perkins Gilman looks suspicious. And suspicious it is. Gilman was born in 1860 and died in 1935 (less than fifty years ago). During her life she was world famous: a noted author, editor, and speaker reknowned for her fiction, poetry, social thought and, especially, her work, *Women and Economics*. She was considered not only a spokesperson for feminism, but about all the intellectual issues of the day. By the late sixties, all that was left of her over 15 books was a short story — *The Yellow Wallpaper* — in a few anthologies.

The Feminist Press reissued this story with a long essay on Gilman in 1973 and Gilman's "rediscovery" began. Two of her most important works — *Women and Economics* and *The Living of Charlotte Perkins Gilman: An Autobiography* — were released in trade paper editions, and a hitherto unpublished (in book form; it was a magazine serial) novel, *Herland*, was published last year. Several university presses have reissued some of her theoretical works on sociology and religion, and reprinted *The Forerunner*, a monthly magazine she edited, singlehandedly, for more than seven years. Mary Hill's biography has come at a time when an evaluation of Gilman is most necessary. She was a complex — and often contradictory — thinker, in many ways a contemporary of today's feminists. Her concerns, preoccupations, and obsessions can shed much light on today's issues and occurrences.

Charlotte Perkins Gilman was born in 1860 in New England. The strict sex-stereotyping and rigid Puritanism of the time and place escaped her somewhat because she was a great-niece of the Beecher family (known for their abolition and reform work: Harriet wrote *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and Catherine was an active worker for suffrage and social reform. Although both her parents came from educated, well-to-do families, her father's refusal to work (much like that of Bronson Alcott, Louisa May Alcott's father) insured that the family remained in genteel poverty a great deal of the time.

Much of her childhood was spent torn between a longing for her absent father's attention (most of his letters were reading lists) and living under somewhat trying circumstances with her understandably harried and bitter mother. She describes her



childhood and adolescent years as painfully lonely in her autobiography, but Hill, quoting recently discovered letters and journals, finds that Gilman had an active, and rather jaunty, social life. She implies that the autobiography, although by no means entirely false, does give a somewhat self-serving picture of Gilman's life. Gilman formed friendships with well respected, intellectual families — her relationship with Grace Channing was a primary one for her whole life — attended the newly-founded Rhode Island School of Design, and, in the Beecher tradition, developed strong opinions and attitudes about social issues and problems.

She married an artist, Walter Stetson (his family made the hat famous) and although they tried to work at an equitable relationship — both did their best — Charlotte found the institution of marriage stifling. After the birth of a daughter — Katherine — she suffered a nervous breakdown. This is the period upon which the story, *The Yellow Wallpaper* is based. Like the story's main character, Charlotte was forbidden by her physician, the famed "nerve specialist," Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, to either read or write (or think much for that matter) for more than an hour a day. She returned from the treatment worse than before and moved with her daughter to

continued on page 3

BOOK BOOK

GAY COMMUNITY NEWS

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REVIEW REVIEW

Before Kinsey, Beyond Freud

HAVELOCK ELLIS: A BIOGRAPHY

By Phyllis Grosskurth

Alfred A. Knopf, New York

Indexed, with photographs, 492 pp., \$16.95

Reviewed by Mitzel

The lasting achievements of Havelock Ellis, through his work, are somewhat more important and considerably more interesting than the facts of his life. He was a modest man, generous and kind. He did not attend conferences or do anything — other than write — to promote himself as a public personality, even though he eventually became one.

Ellis's 7-volume *Studies in the Psychology of Sex* was a breakthrough work. The first volume, *Sexual Inversion*, caused an uproar in late Victorian society. It brought on an obscenity trial and was out of print for years as a result. Curiously, the *Sex Studies* have never been printed in the U.K. The largest and most enthusiastic audience for all of Ellis's work has been in the U.S.

Ellis decided while still a teenager (and while under the rebellious influence of James Hinton, a late nineteenth century sex advocate) that his life's work would be examining sexual behavior, sexual customs and related phenomena. He set out to dispel the bunk and hokum which mystified sexual attitudes in his time. Though his method was similar to that of Krafft-Ebing (that of case history), Ellis must be considered the first sex scientist in the English language and his work among the most important writing about sex ever published.

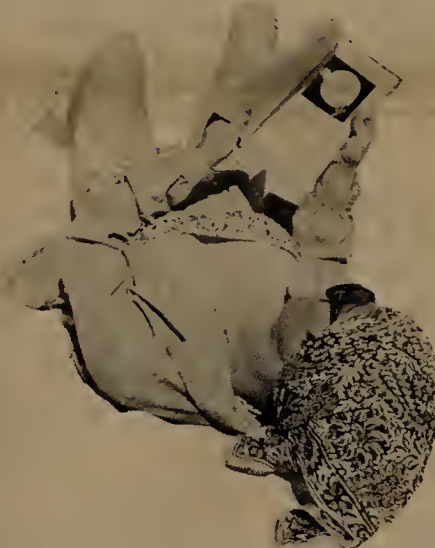
Attitude is always an important factor when researching new material. Ellis, particularly in his conclusions about sexual inversion and masturbation (here he is a direct forerunner of Kinsey), made it clear that official policies were repressive against what he regarded as benign human behavior.

Ellis's acceptance of diversity in sexuality marks him as a modernist and distances him from the heirs of

Freud. Ellis had a great respect for the role of biology in determining human psychology. His assumption that sexual inversion was heredity-determined seems naive today. Yet should it? The recent influence of the behaviorists in American life has made obscure that the study of sexuality (both sex-scientific and psychoanalytic) was rooted in assumptions about the central role of biology. Ellis's commitment to the centrality of biology was also the basis for his interest in eugenics and the practice of sterilization.

Ellis and Freud were almost exact contemporaries. At the end of the first decade of this century, Ellis's name was synonymous with the struggle for sexual enlightenment. In 20 years time, Freud was perceived to be pre-eminent in probing sexuality. Though the two men spoke kindly about each other publicly, Ellis thought that much of Freudian theory (and much of psychoanalytic practice) was ridiculous and even harmful. Freud seems to have been obsessed with Ellis's reputation and the love Ellis's friends had for him (whereas Freud seems to have been a disagreeable old tyrant). That the psychoanalytic approach to sex understanding became triumphant, certainly in the U.S., resulted from Freud's establishing a psychoanalytic movement which he and his surviving family have run like a closed shop. Such could never have been Ellis's way. With the ascendancy of the neo-Freudians in the U.S., the psychoanalysts have broken any possible remaining link to the sex-science movement. By and large, they have plugged right into the existing repressive state apparatus.

Ellis's work at understanding sexual behavior was motivated by compassion and was aimed at expanding acceptance of forms of sexual expression previously considered deviant. The heirs of Freud, on the other hand, have busied themselves *not* with understanding diversity in human sexuality but with transforming behavior into numerous pathologies, naming them and then turning them into medical problems in need of cures. Gay people, long (and still) the victims of the



fiction
for
summer
reading
pages
4-5

shrinks' pathology-making, can easily find a friend in Havelock Ellis. It is important to keep an eye out for how any "giant's" work is implemented. Ellis's work and personal example are beacons on the way to human liberation. Freud's work and life, and certainly those of his followers in this country, display all the affinities for furthering repression through central control. Character is all important. Freud took great umbrage when Ellis, with all the best intentions, referred to him as "an artist."

It is no coincidence that in the past 100 years, there has been a heavy presence of gay men in the leadership of the movement for sexual enlightenment: Edward Carpenter, Magnus Hirschfeld and Norman Haire. And it is also no coincidence that the two most important English-speaking sex scientists, Ellis and Kinsey, displayed no trace of homophobia and were every bit as sex-radical in their work as the gay advocates. This cannot be said of the Freudians in general and the neo-Freudians in the U.S. in particular.

Phyllis Grosskurth's new biography of Havelock Ellis is a splendidly detailed account of his life, specifically his literary affairs and his affairs of heart. These latter included the novelist Olive Schreiner, his lesbian wife Edith Lees, birth-controller Margaret Sanger and other women. Though Grosskurth is completely candid about the significance of Ellis's contributions to sex science, the book fails to inform us about how sexual opinion was changed by Ellis's *Studies*. Grosskurth lacks a sense of historical development (which Ellis himself did not believe in). For readers interested in the importance of Ellis's sex studies, I recommend the analysis of Ellis in Paul Robinson's *The Modernization of Sex*. Havelock Ellis has been a regular subject for biography, and rightly so. He was a charming revolutionary, sex-radical-as-tea-guest. However, another biography of Ellis only makes this question more urgent: where is the comprehensive biography of Magnus Hirschfeld and/or the detailed history of the sex-science movement?

Street Life

THE BARS ACROSS HEAVEN

By Red Jordan Arobateau
self-published
2438 Browning
Berkeley, CA 94702

“SUSIE-Q”

By Red Arobateau
in True to Life Adventure Stories
edited by Judy Grahn
Diana Press, 1978

Reviewed by Andrea Loewenstein

Most of us, I imagine, have voices which speak primarily inside our heads which may differ from any of our various speaking voices. I myself experienced a shock of recognition the first time I encountered Red Arobateau's voice (in the story, “Susie-Q” in *True to Life Adventure Stories*, Diana Press, 1978). I say shock because, although the voice Arobateau uses is deeply familiar to me, I had never before encountered it in print. Although my personal history with this voice dates further back, it became firmly ensconsed during the years I earned my living teaching at Framingham prison, a time when I was also writing a novel set in a woman's prison. During those years, I spent a lot of time listening — both to the women I taught, many of whom I grew close to, and to the characters I courted, inviting them to speak as I sat at my typewriter. When I had finished the novel and was no longer teaching at the prison, the voice was *not* finished. It is still with me, and meeting it in print was an occasion for some reflection as well as for pleasure and gratitude.

I believe that the particular spoken language each of us uses (I am talking here about variations in vocabulary, grammar, syntax, and accent within one language, English) is not formed by accident. This truth is rarely noticed in the case of speech, which is often assumed and thus not observed, and was actually brought home to me most recently in terms of music. I had gone to a “festival of ethnic music” at Harvard's Peabody museum, and watched and listened to, in immediate succession, a Caribbean tin-drum band and a Chinese fan dance with accompanying music. While it is a commonplace that different cultures (class, climate, hardship, luxury, habits) produce different artistic expressions, one usually witnesses only one such expression at a time, and most usually (as in the case of disco dancing at a familiar bar) it is so familiar that it goes unnoticed. In this case, I was moved to speculate on the causes and effects of two cultures which had produced such startlingly different creative expressions.



This reflection led me back to language, in particular, to the voice I had recently encountered in print for the second time, in Arobateau's self-published novel, *The Bars Across Heaven*. Both the characters in Arobateau's fiction and the women I knew who use this voice share a number of realities: they are for the most part black, lesbian street¹ women. While (both in Arobateau's work and in my experience) some of those who spoke with this voice were white or Hispanic and many were only temporarily lesbian-identified, it did seem to be this particular set of identities — (whether because of eloquence, influence or the simple rule of majorities) which most distinguished and formed the voice. None of these realities — that of the black experience in amerika (sic), that of 'street life' in a large city, or that of working-class lesbian experience — is now unrepresented in literature. A large percentage of the most powerful works in both prose, drama, and poetry in the last decade have come, especially, out of the first experience. The voice Arobateau captures shares many characteristics of the voices used by other authors dealing with some of these overlapping realities. It may, however, be this particular combination of outsider

statuses — the triple or quadruple whammies of being poor and black in white amerika, *as well as* female and lesbian in the male-dominated (pimps from the inside, cops from the outside) life of the street — which gives this voice some of its power. It is a voice of life on the cutting edge of our rotten society, a voice which can no longer pretend that democracy exists and everything will be alright.

On a more personal level, when I examine the situations in my *own* life which summon up this voice within me, I notice that it appears when I am in situations in which I experience some quality of veiled falsity. For example, take an interaction in which I have been trying hard to pretend that everything is alright, all the time, overriding the knowledge that it *isn't* alright at all. The voice within myself in which I finally “call” this game, might say: “Shi..t, girl, what kinda game you been running on yourself?” Or, take a situation in which someone is going on and on, explaining or justifying something she or he has done, which has hurt you. My interior response might be, “Yeah, well it be's like that sometime.” Meaning, “It's done, you chose to do it, your *words* aint gonna change shit.” *And*

Kid Stuff

WHEN MEGAN WENT AWAY

By Jan Severance
Illustrated by Tea Schook
Lolipop Power, Inc., Chapel Hill, NC
32pp.

JESSE'S DREAM SKIRT

By Bruce Mack
Illustrated by Marian Buchanan
Lolipop Power, Inc., Chapel Hill, NC
34pp.

BOUQUETS FOR BRIMBAL

By J.P. Reading
Harper and Row, NY
186 pp., \$8.95

Reviewed by Carrie Dearborn

I've been wallowing in juvenile lesbian and gay fiction for the past two weeks. Some of the books I read have already been reviewed in these pages. However, I have the pleasure of introducing three books to add to the gay juvenile section of your library: two from the ever improving Lolipop Power, Inc., and one from (I can barely believe it) Harper and Row. One made me

cry, one made me laugh in sympathy, and the other made me wish I could be a teenager again. (When as an adolescent, my main ambition was to be thirty-five and elegant!)

When Megan Went Away brought tears to at least two other people's eyes besides mine. Megan is Shannon's mother's lover, and when the couple breaks up, Shannon tells the story of how she feels after Megan has left.

She starts by telling of the things that are missing from the house: Megan's stereo, rocking chair, *Sinister Wisdom* posters. Then Shannon remembers the things she and Megan did together and wonders who will do these things with her now. She realizes that her life will be quite different from the way it was.

Shannon's mother is not helping, either. Her sadness prevents her from talking to Shannon until Shannon explodes with rage. Then, finally, the two talk. Was Shannon bad? Was that why Megan went away? Why wouldn't Mama talk to her?

By the end of the story, with all the initial responses to a break-up expressed, the reader knows Shannon and her mother will be all right. Not easily, but eventually, OK.

The book is dotted with lesbianisms: the decor depicted (and nicely, too) by Tea Schook is definitely Early American Dyke, and Megan's mother is on a softball team. These make the book one that will help the child of a lesbian feel less alone.

Least dramatic of the three books is *Jesse's Dream Skirt*. Presumably aimed at a younger audience, this is a story of a boy who makes a skirt he saw in a dream and wears it to his daycare center. The responses of the other children are typical, but the teacher's is not. Instead of burying the incident or ignoring it, as so many teachers will do to children who deviate in some way, the teacher has the children discuss their feelings about Jesse's skirt.

It turns out that many of the children would like to cross dress too, but were voicing other people's opinions on the subject. The result of the incident is unremarkable. Some of the children play dress up, some don't, and no one seems to mind what anyone else does. Which is how incidents like this should turn out, but rarely do. And that is precisely why day care centers and schools should stock this book.

Where was *Bouquets for Brimbal* when I was thirteen?? The closest approximation to this book I found back then was a book with a girl pictured on the cover wearing filthy saddle shoes and her father's baggy shirt (which I took as a promising sign) who fell in love with two boys and forsook her best friend for both of them. Not exactly the kind of reading material I needed then.

I suppose some will say this book is like Scoppettone's *Happy Endings Are All Alike*. In fact, their only common factor is that they're both love stories for young lesbians. *Bouquets for Brimbal* has the attraction of accurately portraying a “best friend”ship that has been an important part of Annie (Brimbal) and Macy's lives from the age of ten. This book, however, is slightly different from most “best friend” stories. Annie has crushes on girls and Macy has crushes on boys. Which is fine with both of them because no person has yet threatened their friendship.

The two of them, upon graduating from high school, go off to summer stock theatre. Once there, both meet the people who will become their first lovers — Don, for Macy and Lola, for Annie.

This story is told from Macy's point of view, and so the reader gets a full dose of heterosexuality. This would be all right with me, but throughout the story I remained skeptical about whether Macy really does like men. There is one scene in which she goes out for a ride with a popular boy. He behaves as boorishly as an eighteen year old can. Macy never once thinks his behavior is due to something wrong with her. (Can it be that teenage women are wising up? I hope so, but I have my doubts.) Then we have her relationship with Don. He says all the things a good liberated man should say to a woman, but his timing seems to be off.

However, this is a minor flaw. What the story is really about is the delicacy of a long term relationship going through a major change. Macy does not accept Lola's real role, that of lover, in Annie's life. Eventually she is shocked into the knowledge that Annie really-is-gay, and Reading does a fine job of letting Macy run through an obstacle course of emotions.

The two friends are, of course, changed, as is their relationship. But they will continue to be friends as thousands of women, gay or otherwise, have retained their teenage friendships over the years.

GAY COMMUNITY NEWS BOOK REVIEW

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Designer	Rob Schmieder
Advertising	Larry Loffredo
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implying that I've been took, or ripped off, which is what human relations are about anyway: everyone getting theirs at someone else's expense.

Or take the loaded vocabulary of "butch" and "femme," concepts which, like the word for "snow" in the language of the Eskimos, have endless variations in this voice. In our middle class lesbian-feminist terminology, these words are taboo. We deny the reality of this kind of behavior. However, in this particular inner voice (and more outwardly as well) I have been using the terms a lot. In angry response: "I ain't your butch, girl!" Or "Don't pull your femme or butch act on me!" Or, when I catch myself acting manipulative or seductive, in order to get over, I know that I am being femme, baby. Just like I was taught. This is, then, a language which admits there is a universe of power in love relationships: of owning and dominating and submitting. "You my woman" is a commonplace, as is "You belong to me."

Remember the character in the play "Hedda Gabler," who, even after Hedda had shot herself in the head, insisted that "people don't do such things." We (middle-class-oriented lesbian-feminists) may not say it, but we sure do play it. This is clearly language of unmasking, which is probably why it, like other black and "street" talk, is being stolen by white middle class people like myself as fast as it is invented. Unlike most of our available language, it corresponds to a certain emotional reality which most of us experience at different times, but which is the governing reality of street-life. Appearance and possessions are extremely important in this life on the edge, where nothing lasts, and wit, style, and control are essential in its language. When a deep disillusionment, both with the system and with human nature, is the underlying assumption, a face-saving, tough-ass language is needed: a voice which assumes that you will be strong enough to keep going, regardless, that if life's a game, you're a damn good player. This life normally allows for little love — either of the self — or of the other. This voice tends to be clever, honest, careful, and highly objectifying.

I have digressed at such length on voice partly because the subject fascinates me, but partly because I feel that some understanding of the assumptions, possibilities, and limits of the voice she employs throughout her fiction is helpful in order to fully appreciate Red Arobateau's work. She captures her characters' speech (both written and mental) with a quite stunning accuracy, and this alone would probably make her work highly readable. It alone would not, however, be enough to give her fiction (especially the novel, *The Bars Across Heaven*) the quality it shares with other extraordinary fiction: of at once embracing and transcending the particular. Arobateau is herself clearly not an outside observer of the life she writes about, but rather has been (at least at some point in her experience) a speaker. There are sudden switches from third to first person, untraditional (though logical) punctuation, a great deal of narrative "telling" rather than "showing," and a wild use of cliché and grandiose metaphor. All of this works amazingly well within the context of the novel, but makes it clear that Arobateau did not attend the schools where many of us learned "how to write" (more often, how *not* to write . . . in both senses!).

The transcendence I am talking about in Arobateau's work is achieved totally within voice. It comes about through a deep commitment to risk-taking — a determination to break through into an emotional intensity and realness of feeling — which, given the bitter assumptions and tight control of the voice Arobateau uses, is often breathtaking. Just as, on the street, for one "bitch" to call another "friend" is highly significant and extremely rare, so the breakthroughs Arobateau achieves are consistently moving. Each of Arobateau's characters is engaged in the painful, wrenching effort to change her system of values and way of life; to stop, as Suzie Q the young prostitute (in the story, "Suzie Q") puts it, "accept[ing] death every day — in ordinary ways" (Suzie Q, p. 130). Flip, the sad butch who is the alternating narrator and governing persona in *The Bars Across Heaven*, puts it another way.

"I keep smiling . . . I see my smile, it's not for real. It aint what I want to do! I been smiling too long! . . . What I want really is to feel something." (p. 180)

The transcendence is also achieved through Arobateau's attitude toward her characters: a rare combination of respect, sympathy, and realism. While we have learned to love Suzie Q by the end of the story, we have not come to this feeling through seeing her as a poor victim nor as a revolutionary vanguard of liberation. She is still the "character with the appearance of mini mouse" (Suzie Q, p. 102) who walks into a gay women's bar in the beginning of the story with "shoes too big for her feet. — She'd bought 'em, now she'd have to wear 'em" (p. 102) and "a wig that sat on her like a hat." (p. 102) Right from the beginning of the story, Suzie is about changing.

She breezed into the club with a strong rap. Television was into womens lib & it was a new day. Women was tired of giving up their money to a nigger. A ho was no longer a bitch. (p. 102)

But change is not so easy to come by. Suzie's pimp, Flash Gorden has beaten her up, and though she is angry and resistant ("I'm gonna learn Karate, Kung Fu, K-nife & K-razor . . . and K-gun") (p. 105) she has no real plan of action.

continued on page 6

Gilman

continued from page 1

California. There, helped by Grace Channing, and under her own regimen of reading, writing, and thinking, she regained her self-respect and sanity.

It was in 1890s California that Gilman's vigorous life as a thinker and a social activist really began. She started writing and publishing poems and articles, gaining a small, but ever widening reputation. She and Walter decided upon a divorce, and despite much bad press, obtained one. Charlotte was attracted to the social protest movements that were flourishing on the west coast at the time. Taken with populist and other reformist sentiments, Charlotte began associating with such well-known radicals as Edwin Markham. These broad social concerns were always, for her, connected with the concerns of women. Later this would connect her with such feminist reformers as Jane Addams and Helen Campbell. After a short period of time Walter Stetson married Grace Channing — with Charlotte's blessing and the scorn of most west coast society and press. Katherine eventually moved in with her father and step-mother back east. Charlotte was attacked time and again for being a free-thinker/free-lover who gave up her daughter to pursue her own career.

Hill's first volume takes Gilman to 1896 when, with some of her most important thinking about the relationship of women to the culture and one another completed, Gilman began a full career as a lecturer, and a prime mover of social thought. A second volume of Gilman's biography is in preparation now. Hill has had access to many recently discovered papers, letters, journals, and manuscripts and has given us the most complete portrait we have had of Gilman yet. (This includes Gilman's autobiography, which, when it does not present a somewhat pleadingly sympathetic picture, is, by the nature of the genre, myopic.) There is enough material here to please anyone interested in Gilman's life, and certainly enough to make readers eager for the second half. Hill brings out aspects of Gilman's life that are still relevant today. This is not to say that she distorts material to drum up interest: Gilman's concerns were far ahead of her times.

Gilman's interest in the lives of women was reflected in her own life; not only in her urge for reforms, but personally as well. Throughout her life she had several very close emotional — and in some cases sexual — relationships with women. These lesbian relationships are glossed over in Gilman's own writings; they are presented as "close friendships." Hill does a fine job of discovering, understanding, and examining them. Gilman's friendship with Martha Luther was an important one when she was in her early twenties. She wrote: "The freedom of it! The deliciousness! The utter absence of 'how will he take it?'! Never again will I admit that women are incapable of friendship!" In California, she met Adeline E. Knapp (Dora in the autobiography) and from the diaries it is clear that they quickly began having an affair. In later years she would describe this relationship to her husband non-apologetically: "I told you I loved her that way. You ought to know that there is a possibility of such letters being dragged out some day." At this point Charlotte was no stranger to personal attacks (she had survived the Stetson/Channing marriage scandal) but it seems clear that she felt free to — in fact, *had to* — act upon her impulses, despite social conventions.

Gilman's relationship with Knapp lasted several years, as did her relationship with Hattie Howe. She was to describe these as "loving relationships, some of the most loving of my life." However, she never, in all of her writing, approached the specific topic of lesbianism. Hill does not use this as an excuse to argue against the sexual "fact" of these relationships. This is in great contrast to the usual treatment of homosexual relationships by straight biographers (as in the Lorena Hickok biography by Doris Faber or *Miss Marks and Miss Wolley* by Anna Mary Wells). Hill conjectures that these relationships were most important in helping Gilman formulate her ideas about sexual freedom for women, the inherent inequality of institutionalized heterosexuality, and, in her later writings, the primacy of femaleness itself.

Since her youth Charlotte had been familiar with the writings of her great-aunt Catherine Beecher. Besides abolition and woman's suffrage, Beecher was also concerned with the position of women. She viewed women as, if not morally superior to men, at least much more capable of overcoming temptation. It was women, not men, who were going to right the wrongs of the world and make it a better place for everyone (especially for women and children). Many American reform movements from the early 1840s until the early 1920s had this assumption of the moral superiority of women as their underlying, unspoken theme: the temperance movement, the social purity movement, the social settlement movement. Gilman was to enlarge and embroider upon this theme in her thinking, writing, and reform work.

For many of the women involved in these movements, sexuality was a prime issue. Charlotte understood the nature of sexual oppression and advocated sexual freedom as intrinsic to personal freedom. She gave up her daughter in the face of grave public disapproval (and Katherine has always resented her for it) in order to be her own person. She had lesbian affairs, as well as affairs with some of the men with whom she

worked. However, she also believed in the superiority of women, claiming that their better instincts came from the ability to give birth and that the "ideology of motherhood" (as some of its critics call it) is central to female identity. The women in *Herland* worship the "Goddess of Mother Love." This religious/spiritual imagery became integral to Charlotte's feminist theorizing. She may have gotten some of her ideas from Elizabeth Cady Stanton's *The Woman's Bible*. (These ideas survive today in the writings of such feminists as Mary Daly or Elizabeth Gould Davis.)

The contradiction here is that on the one hand Gilman argued for equality between the sexes, and on the other hand that women were better than men and it was their task to "civilize" mankind. While she fought for equality (including sexual equality) there was no getting around her belief that it was male *sexuality* that caused their base nature and that their instincts inhibited a smoother running of the world. For many reformers, a well kept world was the extension of a well kept house. In her later years she would lecture against Freud's theories (he was too obsessed with sex) and against birth control (because it gave people pleasure without responsibility). She could argue that "sexual attraction was the holiest force in nature . . . the closest link between God and Man" and also proclaim that "I believe in permanent monogamous marriage as the best thing for our race." Obviously she was attempting to reconcile her own personal life with her desires and at the same time work within an established reform tradition.

The contradictions and mixed impulses that Gilman felt came from her having radical tendencies and a strong desire for personal freedom while at the same time being destructively class and culture bound in many of her assumptions. This is all too apparent in many of her statements concerning non-white people and immigrants. While Jane Addams felt it necessary to work with the immigrant communities in Chicago, Gilman became a "nativist" and believed that America had "stuffed itself with the most ill-assorted and unassimilable mass of human material" and that the invasion of foreigners would have to stop. She was against the military, yet felt that the progress of blacks could be facilitated by instituting some form of military conscription to "uplift" them. Like many of the women (and men) in these movements, Charlotte's reformist notions were strongly, and strangely, mixed with a belief in moral and ethnic purity.

Gilman's racism was typical of many upper middle class, educated, American reformers (Bryn Mawr President M. Cary Thomas — a feminist and a lesbian — announced in her 1916 opening college address that "the pure negros of Africa, the Indians, the Esquimaux, the Turks, etc. . . ." and other "certain races have never yet in the history of the world manifested any continuous mental activity . . ."). Gilman's radical impulses, however strong, could not get beyond, or around, her class background.

Similar contradictions arose in her ideas about sexuality. While she was able to enjoy her sexuality, she was trapped by the notion that change was essentially a "spiritual uplifting" and that sexuality "degraded" people. She was caught in the paradox of believing that the family oppressed women, yet that only under this institution could one have children and experience motherhood, the "crowning glory" of women.

Reform movements are, by nature, middle class oriented: they aim to make things better without changing the essential power structure. Gilman's radical tendencies were short-circuited by her efforts to work within these movements. Because of her social and family background, the reform tradition was available to her. However, maverick that she was, she never completely toed the line, and expressed her rebelliousness every chance she could.

What is amazing about both Gilman's life and Hill's biography is the contemporariness of so many of Gilman's experiences and problems. Feminists today are often caught in the same net of reformism and action; of establishing a distinct female identity while fighting for simple equality; of demanding the integrity that comes with personal and sexual freedom while still adhering to the more traditional forms of family life and heterosexuality.

Mary Hill's *Charlotte Perkins Gilman* is about a busy, crowded (and this only half of it) life that is of interest in and of itself. Hill is good at filling in background (especially about reform movements) that place Gilman in a clearer perspective. What the book lacks is a fuller, more in-depth, analysis of the world that surrounded Gilman. We understand the world that influenced Gilman, but not the history of that world. Charlotte Gilman was so complex, contradictory, and intelligent a woman that one wants to understand the world that produced her, and in which she thrived. There are many issues that Hill is able only to touch upon — the intricacies of the suffrage movements, the relationship of women and medical institutions, the intertwining histories of the reform movements, the state of popular culture at the turn of the century — but such demands are unreasonable for a biography. What Hill has given us is a well written, fair-minded, exciting biography of a woman, who, now that she has been rediscovered, will seem as vital in our times as she did in her own.



Send in the Clor

THE CONFESSIONS OF DANNY SLOCUM or GAY LIFE IN THE BIG CITY

By George Whitmore
St. Martins Press, New York
213 pp., \$9.95

MORE TALES OF THE CITY

By Armistead Maupin
Harper and Row, San Francisco
246 pp., \$6.95

A FAIRY TALE

By S. Steinberg
Delacorte Press, New York
184 pp., \$8.95

Reviewed by Eric Rofes

Wonderful and exciting developments are taking place in gay male fiction. Over the past two years dozens of novels and short stories have appeared that have begun to reflect the diversity of experience and perspective among gay men. Five years ago we were aflutter over Patricia Nell Warren's *The Front Runner* and Laura Hobson's *Consenting Adult* — interestingly both books portraying gay men written by women. As an increasing number of gay men write books about the contemporary gay experience, it is becoming evident that we are having a significant effect on literature.

Lesbian fiction is also undergoing significant developments and the differences between current lesbian and gay male fiction merits a thorough analysis. While some of the most exciting literature being written today focuses on the creation of lesbian utopias (Monique Wittig, Sally Gearhart, Joanna Russ), gay men are developing a growing body of fiction capturing the urban gay scene. (What this says about the creative imaginations of gay men, I can't pretend to guess.)

All Things to All Men

THE TWYBORNE AFFAIR

By Patrick White
Viking Press, New York
\$14.95

Reviewed by Duncan Mitchel

One reason writers must write to satisfy themselves is that they can't be sure of satisfying anyone else. This is nowhere more true than in fiction about gay men. Writers can expect attack from those like me who evaluate art according to the tenets of radical gay politics, and from those who are looking for a nice, respectable book (no fats, fems, or freaks) they can introduce without embarrassment to Mother. Both factions tend to worry how straights will react, though by now we ought to know that our enemies will accept unhappy endings (and middles and beginnings) as *The Grim Truth About Gay Life* and dismiss happy endings as biased fantasies, while our friends will ask us what we think about it.

A lot of us are looking for a book about Everygay, even though no one knows what the typical gay man is like. Generally, of course, what is wanted is everyone's idealized image of himself or his imagined Mr. Right. There is nothing wrong with this, but we had better realize that no one can write a book that everyone can identify with. Me, I love good sloppy Grade B romances (I've read *The Front Runner* eight or nine times), but I'd appreciate some well-written fiction about unlaundered but three-dimensional gay men, complete with feet of clay. They don't have to be all things to all men, and the endings don't always have to be happy, as long as some of them are.

That being said, let me advise you right now that Eddie Twyborn, the protagonist in Patrick White's *The Twyborn Affair*, is not Everygay, unless Everygay is the Australian-born former mistress of an elderly Greek who imagines himself an heir to the Byzantine throne; a decorated war hero; and the madam of a London

brothel with an upperclass clientele. Can't identify, huh? Don't worry about it. Not many people are a young prince who discovers that the middle-aged Theban queen he married is really his mother, but that doesn't mean *Oedipus Rex* is irrelevant to the rest of us. What counts is whether the author can use an exotic character to say things about the general human condition, and whether the reader is honest and empathic enough to look for him- or herself in what seems at first glance to be a weirdo. (I remember a group of middle-class professional gay men discussing *Dancer from the Dance* who first complained that the book had nothing to do with their lives, and then said that they knew its descriptions of Fire Island, The Everard Baths, etc., were accurate because they'd been there. Repeatedly. Such hypocrisy abounds as well among gay male fiction's political critics, who may have radical rationales for being baths regulars but can't abide characters in fiction who are.)

When I first heard about *The Twyborn Affair* I was dubious. That the main character is a man who spends most of his life impersonating a woman (while relating sexually at various times to members of both sexes) was not encouraging. Gays as hermaphroditic figures are an old and tired symbolic device which fascinates those who can't conceptualize sexuality apart from a butch/femme, jack-and-plug polarity, but which has little to do with the reality of gay life; it isn't even a useful model for understanding drag queens. From my perspective *The Twyborn Affair* sounded like, not a gay novel, but a straight novel which used a straight fantasy of homosexuality to affirm masculine/feminine polarity as the basis of sexual life.

However, the novel is set during a period beginning just before the First World War and ending just before the Second. Anyone who has read Jonathan Katz's *Gay American History* will recognize that a non-polar concept of homosexuality is a relatively recent development even among gays, and people like Eddie Twyborn who passed successfully as members of the other sex

were probably more common than anyone, gay or straight, has thought. Most obviously, cross-dressing was a disguise for aliens in a hostile environment. But it was also one way of conceptualizing and identifying one's self in a society whose prevailing ideology of sex did not provide for one's existence. In those days, as now, the available sexual categories ("sodomite," "bugger," "invert," "urning," and so forth) were inadequate, and gays had hardly begun to work out an identity free from heterosexual influence. I think Eddie Twyborn should be comprehensible to anyone of any gender or orientation who has failed to fit perfectly into the Procrustean bed of masculine/feminine roles on which we are expected to lie — and surely that means virtually everyone.

I understand from people who have read Patrick White's other books that he treats Eddie Twyborn with more sympathy than he usually accords his protagonists. For the most part Eddie is treated kindly, and White does not seem to depend on straight folklore or reductive psychiatric theories in his exposition of his character. Indeed he doesn't seem concerned to explain Eddie Twyborn but simply to explore him. Eddie is a mystery to himself, but rather than seek his solution in himself, he seeks it in other people. Admittedly the self is bottomless, and I don't think Eddie is either unrealistic as a character or unique as a person because he uses other people as mirrors to find out who he is. He becomes a marionette, and what is nightmarish about the second part of the book, where he looks for simplicity on a ranch in Bogong in the Australian outback, is the way Eddie is jerked this way and that by his perceptions of the expectations, desires, and fantasies of the people around him. He feels that he knows who he is only in bed with someone else, but the identity he finds there varies with his partner. As in Pier Paolo Pasolini's film *Teorema* the young visitor arouses sexual confusion on his arrival, but instead of sexually dominating his environment Eddie is overwhelmed by it. I've read that White writes out of his conviction of

A World Unto Itself

CHAMBER MUSIC

By Doris Grumbach
Fawcett, Crest, New York
paper, 251 pp. \$2.50

Reviewed by Margaret Cruikshank

A good work of fiction creates a world of its own, different from all other worlds. *Chamber Music* does this admirably. The cover blurb calls the novel "remarkable," and it is.

Doris Grumbach has written the story of a woman's growth from subservience and misery in a marriage to fulfillment in a lesbian union. But this bald summary gives no idea of the author's rich and complex treat-

ment of her subject.

Chamber Music is based on the life of Marian Nevins, who married the American composer Edward MacDowell. In the novel they are called Caroline Newby Maclaren and Robert Maclaren. Carrie's loneliness in her marriage is conveyed vividly; she longs for real communication with her gifted husband, who ignores her.

Full of irony, this novel shows the gulf between the world's acclaim of Maclaren and his failure as a human being. In a fine variation on all the stories which the nurse falls in love with her male patient, Maclaren's nurse, Anna, falls in love with Carrie, but only after he is dead (MacDowell died in 1908).

Reader, the women become lovers on page 200. Grumbach gives us a wonderful picture of loving



Perhaps most responsible for the recent flourishing of high-quality gay literature is the coterie of New York men of letters that I have come to think of as the Sheridan Square School of Faggot Fiction. The men in this circle include Edmund White, Charles Ortlev, Michael Denny, Andrew Holleran and George Whitmore, authors and editors. Collectively these men have been responsible for almost a dozen books over the past two years, as well as editing and writing for the magazine *Christopher Street*. Writers in the Sheridan Square School share a talent for stylized and effective prose, a preference for certain settings in and about Manhattan, and a thematic obsession with the doom which they see as an essential part of the life of urban homosexual men. Sometimes highly romantic, always powerful and moving, their fiction is at once a scathing indictment of the gay scene and an alluring love affair with that life. They capture the ambivalence that many of us feel as we immerse ourselves for better *and* for worse in the nightlife of Gaydom.

This is not to say that the Sheridan Square School represents all faggots, or even all urban faggots. It does, however, capture the lives of an increasingly conspicuous portion of the gay male community and isolates essential issues that relate, or should relate, to all gay men. We don't all live in the West Village, and we don't all spend our waking hours flitting from Flamingo to Julius' to the Pier. But we do all have to deal with our fathers, our self-image, and our emotional needs, and these issues are raised by the urban gay men in these novels.

George Whitmore's *The Confessions of Danny Slocum or Gay Life in the Big City* is the latest piece of fiction to appear from St. Martin's Press. Whitmore's protagonist, Danny Slocum, is your basic nice New York gay guy who finds it impossible to ejaculate with another man present. Like T.S. Eliot's Gerontion, Danny's dysfunction is indicative of both his own spiritual and psychological wounding, and the fundamental chaos of our culture. This dysfunction brings Danny together with Joe, an amiable suburbanite similarly afflicted. Whitmore's book records the sex therapy

the men enter together through the pages of Danny's diary.

Danny's impotence is a result of unfinished business with two crucial men in his life: his father and his ex-lover, Max. Whitmore weaves a hypnotic web of the significant incidents that have led up to Danny's condition — wounding, breakdown of communication, violence visited on him by a series of men. While Danny's friends, simplified into types — the actor friend, the political friend, the dancing friend — provide a supportive network for him to work through these issues, it becomes clear that there are no easy answers, as there are no clear questions to address. Danny is confronting life-long issues, and he is doomed to repeat and repeat his fated pattern.

Depressing? That cannot be denied. Nevertheless, one comes away from reading this novel strengthened and empowered by heightened self-awareness. This book is a testament to the lives many of us live, and flies in the face of those who prefer to think that faggots are dizzy, unconscious disco queens. We may, in fact, spend our evenings clicking our heels together for Gloria Gaynor, but we are well aware of the life we are living and have made choices we can feel proud of. Danny may never find the permanent solution to his problem, but his quest is noble.

The dignity and humanity of Danny Slocum remains intact as he grapples with issues that are much larger than himself. Whitmore is to be congratulated for writing these fictional, yet intensely personal and absorbing, confessions.

Much of American gay male fiction is set in either New York or California. While I hope someday someone will analyze the distinction between Manhattan and Californian faggotry, right now the writings of Armistead Maupin, when compared to those of the Sheridan Square School, point up the differences. Maupin's new book, *More Tales of the City* consists of more columns from the serial he contributes regularly to the San Francisco *Chronicle*. Maupin conjures up a magical story about the residents of 28 Barbary Lane — Mary Ann Singleton, the well-meaning secretary who

hails from Ohio and is searching for the love of her life; Michael Tolliver, her best friend who, in this book, rekindles his romance with Jon Fielding, the eminent gynecologists; Anna Madrigal, the landlady who, we find out in this volume, is a transsexual and actually the father of Mona, another resident of 28 Barbary Lane. The plot takes many twists and turns and captures the spirit of San Francisco in a way that makes those of us who live thousands of miles away feel as if we know that city intimately.

Maupin's cityscape integrates lesbians and gay men in a comfortable way. Faggots are not doomed to a life of impotence and a search for fantasies; we're as wild or as down-to-earth as everyone else in Maupin's menagerie. And though many of us would fault Maupin for taking a decidedly anti-political stand in his stories, one cannot deny that Maupin creates a cast of characters and a plot worthy of acclaim. Maupin is able to capture the essence of life and all its frantic comings and goings, with humor and bitchiness, poignancy and warmth. I read volume one of this series on the beach in Provincetown and I would urge all of you to pick up a copy of volume two and spend a similar day.

One cannot make a similar recommendation about *A Fairy Tale* by S. Steinberg. This book is clearly not for everyone. While the basic plot outline as revealed on the book's jacket brought one word to my mind ("Trash!"), the text wasn't half as bad as anticipated. This is basically the story of a "nice Jewish boy" who is quite gay and living in San Francisco and his journey to romance, family acceptance, and happiness despite the meddlings of his friends and family. Underneath the book's heavy doses of Jewish stereotyping, and its appalling sexism, it does have some winning charm. This is not my story, no matter how much I like to think of myself as a nice Jewish boy. But it is the story of one Jewish faggot who raises poodles and decorates apartments, and is learning to like himself. Who am I to argue with his success?

human isolation and aloneness, but *The Twyborn Affair* seems, on the contrary, to postulate a spiderweb-like net of human interaction where the characters thrash around, tangled in their interconnectedness and interdependence.

To an extent it's true that we humans are lonely, isolated, fearful creatures — babies really, squalling for our mothers to come change us, feed us, cuddle us. Most of us are like this some of the time, some of us are like this most of the time, but it would be a mistake to call such a vision either the whole truth of the human condition or wholly false. The feeling of connection, of relation, may be illusory, a delusion of those who cannot face solitude and death, but I doubt it is so simple. To dwell solely on human isolation strikes me as equally romantic and adolescent, a sour-grapes flight from the difficulty of drawing sustenance from relationships. I think it's to White's credit that he is not so simple. Whatever theories he draws on don't get in the way of his art. *The Twyborn Affair* felt real to me in its depiction of Eddie's (admittedly extreme) rootlessness and his quest for identity. His methods are not my methods, but his are, I suspect, somewhat more typical. A non-polar idea of sexuality is by no means universal even among gays, even in our supposedly more enlightened times.

I kept trying as I read the book to figure Eddie Twyborn out, in my terms. Is he supposed to be gay? Bisexual? Transsexual? Multiple personalities? On one hand I was asking what White thought he was doing as he wrote the book and created the character, but on the other I was trying to fit Eddie into a box, to find him an identity. It is also to White's credit that Eddie is not easily categorized, either by himself or by the reader. Perhaps that is the point of what at first seemed to me the book's gratuitous ending: Eddie (as Eadith Trist, the London madam) encounters his mother in London and demands to be accepted by her, not as her son but as her daughter. Mrs. Twyborn accedes: "I've always

continued on page 6



women in those days, before lesbian periodicals, *Sinister Wisdom*, Tee Corinne's erotic slides, and Meg Christian's "Ode to a Gym Teacher." The naturalness of lesbian love is beautifully conveyed in the second half of *Chamber Music*. The pastoral mood is interrupted once by male violence and ends, after twelve years, when Anna dies of influenza.

A striking feature of the novel is its cold, disparaging view of a creative male, a type usually revered in fiction. Maclaren is cruel, creepy, and unloving. The story of his disintegration from syphilis (caught from another man) is powerfully told. There may be a connection between Grumbach's high place in the male world of book reviewing — her opportunity to see posing and pretentiousness — and her idol-smashing treatment of the male artist in *Chamber*

Music.

There is also the interesting, probably inappropriate, question of the relationship of the novelist's own sexual-emotional identity to this work of fiction. Although I feel some pressure from my orthodox literary training to claim that a good story can be written by a novelist who has not herself had the actual experience she is describing, I think *Chamber Music* is the work of a lesbian. Something about the tone of the latter part of the book gives me that hunch.

In Mary Gordon's *Final Payments*, the lesbian characters seem unreal, like specimens. The author seems emotionally distant from them. Maybe Gordon thought that a novel about self-sacrifice, guilt, devotion to one's father, and rampant Catholicism needed a dyke or two to make it look modern. In any case,

Grumbach, in contrast, seems to write from inside her lesbian characters.

The excellence of *Chamber Music* prompted me to read Doris Grumbach's literary biography of Mary McCarthy, published in 1967, *The Company She Kept* (she has also written two novels besides *Chamber Music: The Short Throat, the Tender Mouth* and *The Spoil of the Flowers*). As a critical work, *The Company She Kept* is valuable, but as a story of a writer's life, it seems flat. All the facts are there, but there is not much emotional depth. It may be impossible, though, to write a complex, psychological portrait of a living writer.

Incidentally, *The Company She Kept* is dedicated to a woman, Barbara Helen Remers.

Arobateau

continued from page 3

All thoughts of womens liberation are out. — There were still many obstacks so many miles high & wide. She's just trying to survive number one. Get her a little money together and get her own place and get her kids back from her mother. This was her struggle. She wished it was less real & mo' fantasy, like a Mickey Mouse cartoon where the villen gets WHOOPED over the head with a board. (p. 105-106)

After a while a butch comes into the bar. "Let us share the butches secret thoughts" Arobateau invites us directly, and so we do. And what the butch is thinking about is love — and sex. "Hungry for a woman, to press her heart against. Chest to chest as if pressing the love from her heart into the womans heart." (p. 108) After following up this fantasy which is one of the most explicit, and passionately sexual scenes I've encountered in lesbian literature, we "exit the butches skull", (p. 109) and she and Suzie Q meet. The description of this meeting is an especially good example of Arobateau's use of voice, containing as it does both the tired game playing and the poignancy of even an accidental venture *out* of game.

I told her I was a player from New York, tho actually I'm from the Sunset district 30 blocks away. And that my name was Gamine, and she couldn't pronounce it & called me Gamma, like in Gamma Ray. All night long & informed me *her* name was Suzie Q. But occasionally she'd slip up and say she was Mildred Johnson. For instance, "My mother told me, Mildred, you . . ." And ect. With all these lies we told from the get go, we were destined to go far. Even if for no better reason then to see what it bes like. (p. 110)

"Later in the week one night . . . RANG RANG! Goes the phone." (p. 111) It is Suzie Q, high on "no sleep alcohol and pills" (p. 111) launching into a "detail blow by blow description of the unconscious workings of her life." (p. 111) Most of the rest of the story follows these conscious as well as unconscious workings, including a hard night on the street with the heat out in force. Suzie hangs out in Pappy's joint (which she notices is not all that different from the gay bar — "All womens." (p. 113)) and we get a feeling for the other prostitutes — who are not all that different from Suzie, in their pain, vanity and dreams.

"Secretly all the whores were eager to say their piece — their piece about something, even if they had to dream up a piece to say. (p. 115)

The desperation of 'the life' is more evident in the whore Susie runs into on her way back to Flash's hotel.

A sorry creature in a maxi coat, red, with a red hood, down to her ankles, short skirt, hard painted face. She had reached the border line between her profession — and psychosis. And this was apparent. Slowly she sauntered in front of a lane of traffic. The car slowed to a stop and the whore strutted across its path terribly slowly, staring at the occupants of the car in a manner, suggestive.

DO YOU WANT A DATE?" (p. 117)

Susie gets home to Flash, who beats her up, and takes the money she has been hording in her stocking for her kids. She is lying on the floor after the beating when she has her vision.

I worshiped Gods who looked just like me! . . . Niggers with fingers dripping full of rings. . . . (p. 130)

So Susie calls the butch to ask if she can come and stay with her, "Just long enough, 'till I gets back on my feet. . . ." (p. 132) And the butch takes her in. It's a happy ending, though not conclusive. For all we know Suzie may beat the butch for all she's got the very next day, and bring the money to Flash. But this is not the point. We have been invited into Suzie's life, shown her stretching, birthing vision of change, and left her in gentle hands — and all this has been done with an amazing generosity and ease.

The Bars Across Heaven is even more effective, partly because it is more intimate, and partly because of the creative and unusual use of another voice. In "Suzie-Q" there was a certain affectionate and respectful authorial distance — *except* when Arobateau entered the consciousness of the butch. In *The Bars*, we remain, throughout, inside or close to the consciousness of Flip, a light complexioned black street hustler and butch who is in deep trouble. We meet her first when she is out hustling with her running buddy, Cleo, who:

. . . as a hooker . . . can play woman . . . I seen Cleo in her wig and hotpants, and she sure looks good! Even though I know she's a man inside, like me." (p. 8, *The Bars Across Heaven*)

In her attitude and methods, Cleo exemplifies the mores of the street.

"I go to her house, bring her some dope, buy a bottle of wine. I just hope they boyfriends don't be over. We talk awhile. Get high, then I tell 'em where I'm coming from. 'I like women and that's the only reason I'm here now!' By then, they be so horny, all that dope and I'm the only thang around! (p.4)

Tender hearted Flip objects, and Cleo keeps on trying to teach her.

You got it all wrong. You not suppose to feel a thing! Shit, you got to get her nose open till she begging to get down with you, nigger . . . Until she'll pay! . . . Listen to her weaknesses, not her strengths! Then play on it! (p. 11)

Flip too . . . set(s) her face, tough, for the faces that she would meet." (p. 6) but she is desperately lonely

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and confused. "Under her hard mask, she knew she was dying." (p. 5) She spends much of the book in endless, hopeless cruising for the woman of her dreams, pondering "the ways I manage to chisel the world out of some love for me." (p. 15) She is one of the "Gay women, their pain was so deep, they had to use their facial muscles to hold grief back—" (p. 12) Wherever she goes, she is reminded of her loneliness and alienation.

Nobody knows I exist. Nobody knows my name. I been in this city two years and I don't have a woman. I'm afraid to get what I need, and so I just walk around and lay my hate everywhere like nets, after me. (p. 14)

Even in gay bars, the feeling is the same.

Her chalk white face in the Afro-American sea of blackness. Lone figure unmovable in this sea of dancing people, who (so she thought) were together in pairs; and in the IN CROWD. Women who, Flip felt, had known each other for a very long, long time. And she was a newcomer. And this newcomer was ashamed. Ashamed of her awkwardness. Afraid to ask any of these strangers to dance with her. (p. 17)

I spoke of the universality of Arobateau's writing. There are probably few readers — male or female, gay or straight, black or white — who would not identify with this simple and eloquent description of Flip's misery, or with that search for . . . " . . . no certain woman . . . Just the Love of Her Life. That was all." (p. 17)

Flip's struggle — and Arobateau's clear identification with it — might seem self pitying except that along with the intimacy of the writing goes a clear, often scathing eye for 'game' — including the kind one runs on oneself. "You is gaming anyway, with your sorry jive" Cleo tells Flip. "All that I love you' bullshit. You is running a game and don't know it!" (p. 52)

Flip's kind of game comes clear in her episode with a ho', Ruby, whom she has bought for an hour. As in "Suzie Q," when dealing with two protagonists, Arobateau, perhaps out of a sense of fairness, or a knowledge that reality depends on who's eyes you're looking through, gives us both perspectives. First, we are inside Flip's head.

"I'm fucking you! You are mine. Let's pretend we're lovers!" Flip whispered and she gazed at Ruby. Flip said, "I'm fucking what's mine! Ruby, you is mine!" (p. 151)

Next, we inhabit Ruby.

But the worst thing, Ruby thought, as she turned her head away to avoid the bulldagger from kissing her mouth . . . was Flip kept saying the same things over and over! It would have been all right if she was saying SOMETHING. Ruby contemplated as the bulldagger fiddled with her body — remembering to give out an occasional "WHOO!" or moan. But Flip was saying NOTHING!

It was always how alone she was. How miserable. How she wanted to meet a nice girl and get married. This seemed to be the bulldagger's whole ambition in life — to get married. Ugh! To another woman! (p. 151)

Again, the particular only reinforces the universality of this experience. Although we may never have payed someone (money, anyway) for sex, most of us have had the experience of making love or even talking with someone else and discovering that each person is actually making love to, or talking to, him or her self, or perhaps a fantasy image of the other, rather than to the other, separate person. Perhaps even sadder are the numerous occasions when this is happening without either party's noticing it!

Unlike many of us, Flip does receive help in noticing and removing her games, through an all-woman's Transactional Analysis group at the Berkeley mental health clinic which welfare has assigned her to. The inclusion of actual scenes from this group, as well as the influence of what Flip learns in group on her life, makes the novel much richer, in both theme and voice. As it turns out, the vocabulary of T.A. fits in strikingly well with Flip's own street vocabulary. Transactional Analysis language, like street language, concentrates heavily on unmasking, and it is easy for Flip to transfer T.A. words and concepts like 'script' 'game' or 'pig parent.' This last transformed quickly by Flip to 'pig' alone to her own world and voice. Though the vocabulary is similar, the assumption in Flip's group is one of hopefulness rather than despair; of self-love, pride and trust rather than self-hatred and distrust. And, with incredible effort, Flip begins to transform her own world vision, to integrate the concepts and voice of 'group' into her life. At first, the insight lacks power.

Face haggard, the pig-smile twisted off her face. Now she let go the tears . . . This knowledge about pig-smiles didn't seem to help much as she struggled to survive. In her isolation, it couldn't reach out and put a warm arm around her or stroke her head.

"I manage through the day, but late at night, when I'm alone, my pig comes out . . . (p. 35)

Slowly Flip learns to separate her "pig" from her increasingly positive sense of separate self. "That is my pig talking. 'You are a bad-bad person. You aren't making it, Flip, and you know you never will!'" (p. 36) Later, she realizes that:

This pig had strung her out on some distant star that she couldn't reach — some "dream woman" to make her life worth lifing, or life wouldn't be worth it at all! The pig had cut her off from even trying to get the things she wanted — and there was power in trying. (p. 37)

In a moving scene near the end of the book, in a

vision similar to Suzie-Q's vision, Flip breaks through her mask in the group setting.

Gravity fell as a plumb line. Myself. The pit of me, myself, pulling me down into the earth of my feelings. Deep blue place. My black center . . . My HOWL.

HOWL. Where, I realize, I've been a very unhappy woman, for a very long, long time . . .

The women . . . very warm, very loving. Very, very deep.

It took me back to the place . . . where I had first wanted a simple tenderness. A loving beyond roles. A love that now hid under fronts . . . (p. 179-180)

At the end of the book, Flip has left street life, although she retains its honesty. Her vision integrates the two voices and the two worlds, as well as combining a personal knowledge of self with an awareness of society's role in her oppression.

Why hadn't I known about being for-real? About my oppression, this society-pig, and how it stopped me? Stopped me from being able to cry. Stopped me from being able to act, to get what I wanted for myself. How had I lost my soul? How had I lost that? What kind of world is this, of people who have been cut off from their souls? Once, I'd stopped inside my tears at age ten and froze.

Society had scorned me, and I had got cut off from my needs, by hating myself. By hating what I was. By daily just living the world's lies, I never would have found myself. (p. 187)

The end of *The Bars Across Heaven* is a rare celebration. The happy ending is not saccharin, but believable. Not only is this the first novel I've read about a black street lesbian, but it is one of the first lesbian novels in which fulfillment and joy is found not through a successful search for the dream woman, the other, but rather through change and growth within the self. It is also one of the few modern novels which successfully integrates issues of race, class, sexual preference, and personal growth — and this without ever being either boring or dogmatic, but rather consistently passionate and intimate.

The novel made me feel more hopeful about the world in general, but the fact that it is self-published (and at the moment unavailable in Boston) disturbs me greatly. With my own novel still unpublished, it is often hard for me to feel a strong wish that another novelist might earn the fame and success I crave so much. But in this case, I hope that *The Bars Across Heaven* will get picked up by some major house. *Probably*, the conservative publishing world is scared silly by a book like this. But Red Arobateau deserves some fame and glory. And this book deserves to be out in the world, available to all of us.

1. By the term 'street' or street-women, I mean the way of life in which one's livelihood is made outside of the prevailing system — that is neither through welfare nor through a "nine-to-five" but rather through some sort of illegal 'hussle' which usually takes place on 'the street' of a large city.
2. I myself have some problems with Judy Grahn's editorial decision not to correct her authors' spelling. While I understand her justification, explained in the preface, I find something condescending in such a decision. If I submit a work for publication, I want *my* spelling corrected. Also, I notice that there are no spelling errors in Arobateau's (self-published) novel.

Twyborne

continued from page 5

wanted a daughter." Eddie/Eadith seems finally to have arrived at an identity, and almost immediately afterwards is killed in the German bombing of London, torn literally limb from limb. Is this meant to suggest that to define oneself is a kind of death? If so, I think it's an easy way out. Like many books, *The Twyborn Affair* deserves to be evaluated apart from its ending.

Apart from its ending, it is a fairly good book, though I wouldn't call it a great one. It isn't the kind of book I'm likely to return to repeatedly for news from inside, like *Small Changes* by Marge Piercy or *The Cook and the Carpenter* by June Arnold or *A Single Man* by Christopher Isherwood. But if Patrick White isn't gay — his sexual orientation is unknown to me — he has done a good job of projecting himself into a gay character and describing what it feels like from inside: his portrait of Eddie Twyborn is complex and vivid and — yes — sympathetic. His prose is often labored but there are some wonderful flashes of imagery, such as one man's "red nipples as unblinking as foxes' eyes in the surrounding fuzz of orange fur." And anyone who describes love as "that great ambivalence" can play on my team any time.

A note of consumer interest: Viking is charging \$14.95 for the hardcover edition of this book. The binding is flimsy — my review copy began to split apart as I reached the end of the book, and I am a gentle handler of books — the type is squintingly small, and the paper seems a grade above newsprint. I know production costs are soaring, but I feel sure a better job could have been done at this price, especially with a Nobel laureate's book. If you're not sure you want to read it — and I believe it should be read — I'd recommend you wait for the paperback, which is likely to be overpriced too but will probably be as well-made.

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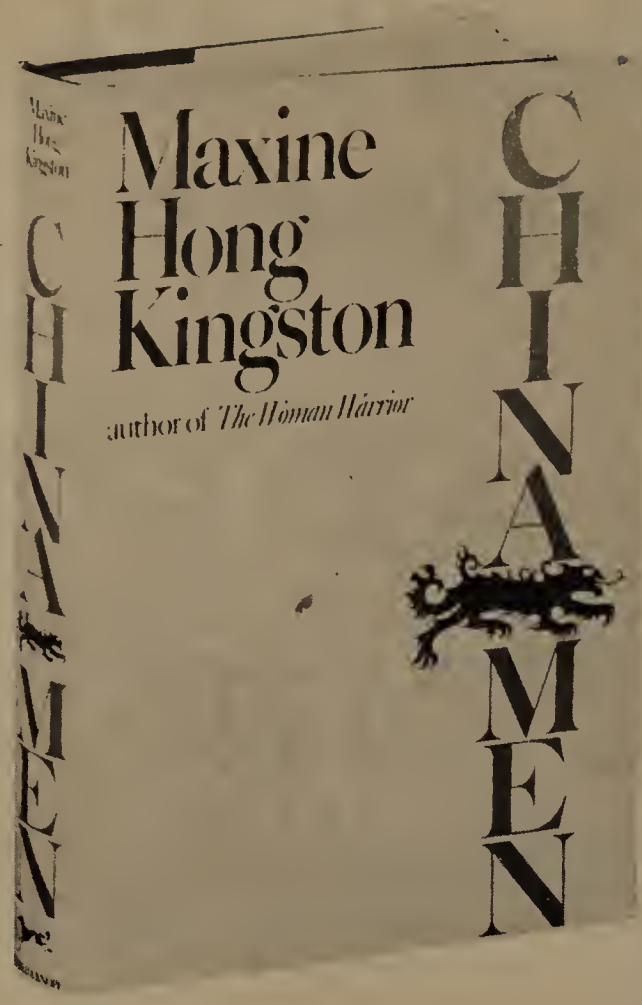
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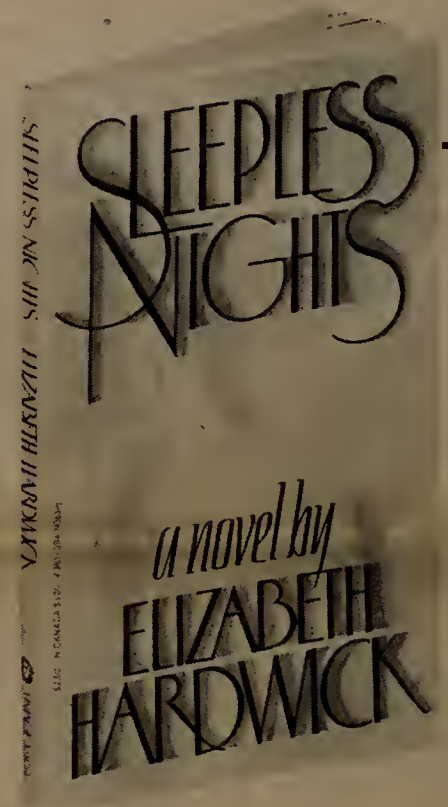
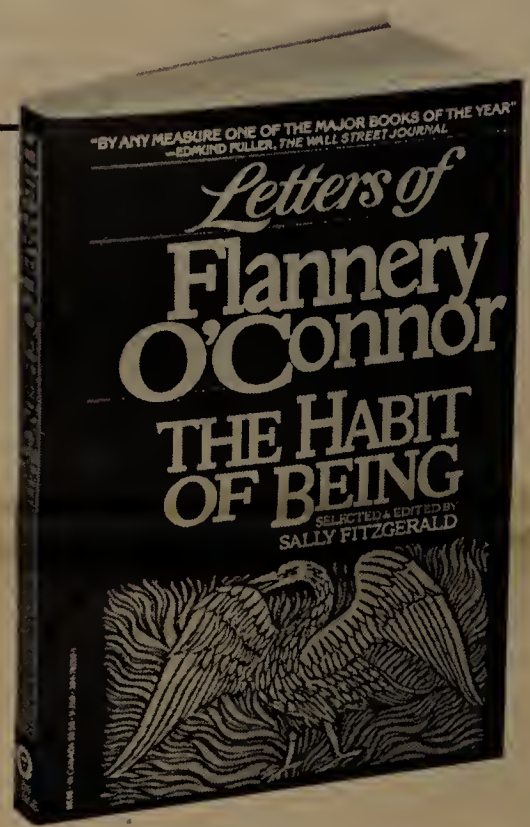
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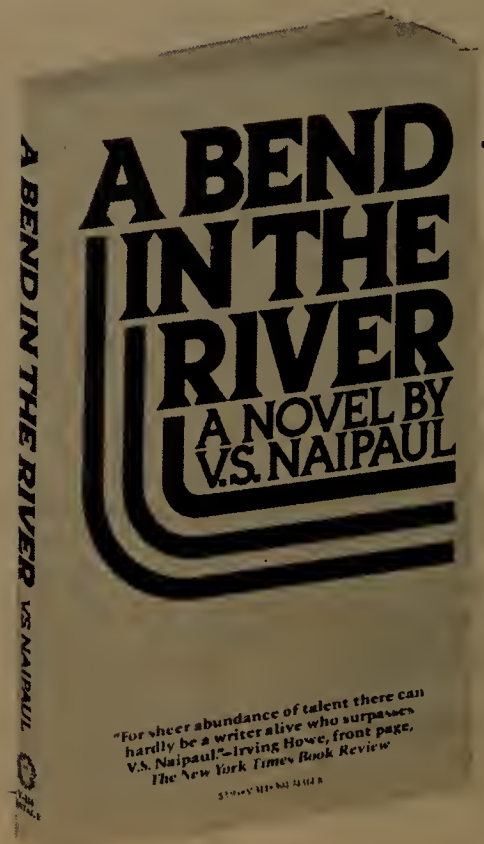
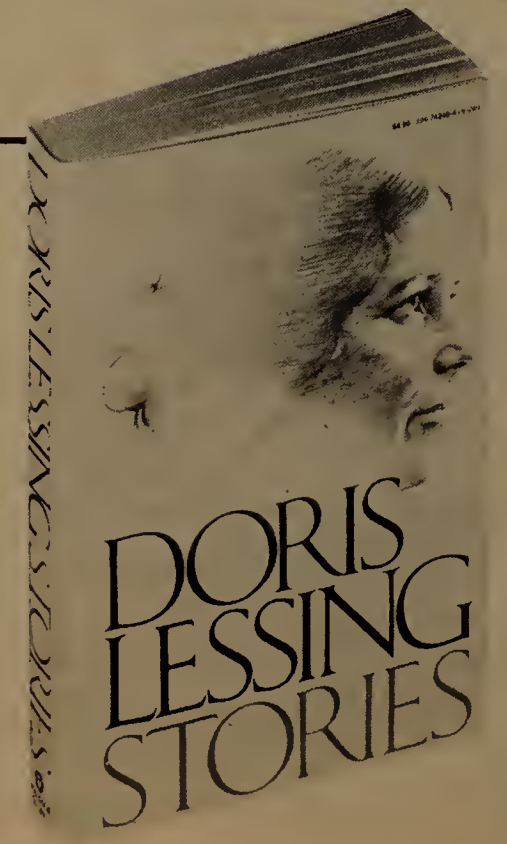
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Books

The Transsexual Empire: The Making of the She- Male

By Janice G. Raymond
Beacon Press, 1979
212 pp., \$12.95

Reviewed by Connie Cutter

Other reviews of this book appeared in the May, 1979 GCN Book Supplement (Vol. 6, No. 44).

Having talked with 15 transsexuals, Janice G. Raymond has written a book entitled *The Transsexual Empire: The Making of the She-Male*. Her general thesis seems to be that certain children become transsexuals by virtue of the sex-role stereotyping that occurs under patriarchy. These children become convinced that their particular human attributes and attitudes (which under patriarchy are ascribed to one sex or the other) indicate to them that their minds are in the wrong-sexed body. They may become uncomfortable enough with this situation to want to rectify it through surgical means.

Raymond goes on to conclude that persons who have undergone such surgery are not "integrated" people and that this lack of integration is bad and should be fought against. We are thus asked to fight sex-role stereotyping and

to discourage (though *not*, she cautions, legislate against) the "transsexual empire" which she ambiguously defines as the medical/psychiatric establishment which controls on whom and under what circumstances surgical interventions may be performed.

The book, on quick glance, seems to make sense. Thomas Szasz, the anti-psychiatry and civil libertarian psychiatrist, among others, has reviewed it positively. Unnecessary surgery is bad. Women for years have been having breasts and uteri removed in a cavalier manner. The medical/psychiatric establishment controls millions of people who while being a "captive audience" are forced to undergo drugging, seclusion, and even psychosurgery. Yes, we should all fight against sex-role stereotyping, patriarchy and certainly the medical/psychiatric establishment. However, Raymond's logic is faulty. If sex-role stereotyping causes transsexualism, why are we not *all* transsexuals or, conversely, why are we not *all* dyed-in-the-wool heterosexuals with absolute and rigid sex-role defined behavior and attitudes? Surely, we have all been exposed to sex-role stereotyping and, we have all lived (and live) under patriarchy. This reasoning can be used to explain

everything and/or nothing. It provides us with little understanding of the issues of people with gender concerns.

What is more troubling, however, about this book is that, under the guise of supporting very progressive objectives by feminist, humanist and socialist standards, Raymond has both subtly and not so subtly de-humanized a small minority of people who have made choices which she finds objectionable and, apparently, personally offensive.

Raymond states that it is her "deepest hope that this book will not be viewed as an unsympathetic treatment of the anguish and existential plight of the transsexual." It is amazing that she can then refer to women of transsexual background as "she-males," cite by name women who have revealed that they have a transsexual background and then refer to them as "he" or "men," and speak with absolute venom about the need to expel women of transsexual background from the women's community, especially the lesbian feminist community. This is certainly not a sympathetic treatment of anyone, but rather a study in maliciousness. In my view, chromosomal purity is not the most critical indicator of political commitment. Raymond

seems remarkably disinclined to ask transsexuals themselves about their thoughts, feelings or experiences concerning the processes involved in utilizing medical technology. Her interest in what transsexuals felt or experienced is so minimal that, despite stating that she has "personally interviewed a sampling of fifteen," only a page and a half of very superficial reportage is offered about these interviews. This reportage includes nothing pertinent to transsexuals' experiences with the medical establishment. While the women's movement has consistently fought for control of one's body and against control by the medical establishment, clearly Raymond feels this is only ok for some, but not all.

I experienced Raymond's work as a mean-minded, nasty little book. She has written a diatribe against a small minority of people who have made choices of which she disapproves. Her desire seems to be to expunge women of transsexual background from the women's community and to prevent such choices being open to others in the future. I learned, practically nothing from this book about the sufferings ("existential" or otherwise) of people who have gender concerns

nor did I learn anything at all about the procedures, such as interviews with psychiatrists, social workers or counselors, which may have been necessary in order to gain permission for surgery. While I would very much like to learn more from people of transsexual background, and especially from lesbian feminists, it is easy to understand why, for them, speaking out (with the threatening consequences of ostracism, exclusion, vindictiveness and hate) would be excruciatingly painful. In a paradoxical way, this book, despite its pretensions to the contrary, is deeply sexist.

To bring about a feminist, humanist and hopefully socialist society, we should be encouraged to fight against oppression and to attempt to develop our highest capabilities. For some, this may require choices that seem extreme and difficult for the majority to accept, but within a democratic society we should be able to accept people who have transcended a wide range of experiences in order to find *their* fullest humanity.

Raymond criticizes the secrecy that women with a transsexual background may be obligated to maintain, both to obtain surgery and to gain initial acceptance in

(Continued on page 13)

Odyssey of a Unicorn Celebrate and Organize

By Nancy Walker

Gay Pride Week began early for me this year. My sother (significant other), perspicacious as always, ascertained some time ago that there was going to be a flea market in connection with the yearly festival. As a matter of fact, that flea market was one of the kick-off events of a two-week long extravaganza, and I, myself, made the fatal mistake of telling her that there was a classified ad in *GCN* attesting to the fact. Now, perhaps, for normal people, who take such matters in stride, a flea market is not such a fearful enterprise. But, well, you see, I am not a normal person. I take little in stride, and nothing for granted, but that's still another story.

I am a collector. A collector of trivia. I have a life full of trivia in boxes filling up a whole room in our over-priced apartment. My sother pointed out to me that my precious junk was costing her \$100/month to store, and, so, when she got wind of the flea market, I felt like a dog about to be divested of many familiar parasites, somehow grown dear.

To be brief, my sother and I spent the Friday evening before the flea market sorting some of my old possessions and setting many aside to be offered for sale on Saturday. I was pretty well resigned to the idea. At least, I didn't really cry in public over it. I did find it difficult to part with some of my toys. It was very gratifying to me that the man who bought my old donkey understood about loving such items, and seemed as if he would be very kind to Zeke. I began to feel great optimism about this year's Gay Pride activities.

Last year all I felt (aside from the heat which almost extinguished my ardor) was excitement. Perhaps it was the anticipation of the March on Washington, coming in October. I don't know. But I can feel the contrast very keenly between this year's festivities and last. Last year everything was highly charged. There was some anger and disappointment over what was said and what was not said at the rally, but for the most part, everyone who partici-

pated felt "high" on the emotional energy generated by the march.

This year, for the first time since I've lived in Boston, the day for the march did not seem to have been picked by Satan to be our melting pot. I was actually comfortable, which is a major accomplishment, since I am hot almost all the time. There were more people than in the past. The flags and banners were waving. The Gay Pride Committee provided balloons for the marchers to purchase. There was bright color everywhere. But this march had an aura of peace about it that was, to my mind, extraordinarily different from any other march I had experienced.

We were, indeed, an army of lovers, marching to the music of a different drum, but marching, nevertheless, down main streets of one of the major cities in this country. I could easily think back to an era when I could not have imagined such a marvel. It would not have occurred to me that during my lifetime I would be able to walk with thousands of gay men and women, all of us proudly proclaiming, in our separate ways, our self-confidence and our love and concern for one another.

When the bells in the Arlington Street Church rang out, I knew they were ringing out for us, tolling triumph for many of us who had lived long in fear and silence, but were no longer willing to do so.

Marches always thrill me. I am moved to tears at the sight of so many of us, tightly packed together as a bunch of grapes, supporting and caring for each other. When we marched down Charles Street and some people showered us with white balloons, I was tickled. We were watched and encouraged often by people on the sidelines who had not yet caught our spirit, but wanted to share something with us. Maybe some of them will march next year.

I hope so. Freedom is not a spectator sport. The world is not exactly a lavender oyster. Hard times are coming in the political arena. Gays are being murdered in Boston at a frightening rate. All this happens in the face of pride-

ful celebrations. The celebrations and the pride must go on. But so must political and social action.

Beth Kelly addressed these issues at the rally after the march. That speech was the best I have heard at a Boston gay pride rally. It was to the point, well-thought out and well-delivered. Thank you Beth. You made us proud and aware, a combination, I trust, that will bring us eventual success.

The peaceful sensation I was left with on Saturday remained throughout the day and evening.

It lingered with me during the *GCN* picnic and even till the end of a concert that happened to be going on at the Hatch Shell that night. It still soothes me at this moment.

(The weather has altered. Some Being in its infinite malice has turned up the cosmic thermostat. I want to spend forever in the bathtub with a book, cold water and three dozen limes. No such luck . . .)

Over the past 11 years we have built up a network of gays. We

will need that support network more and more as time goes by. It is essential that each one of us do his or her part, no matter how great or small that part may seem. We cannot leave it to the other person to do our battling or our voting for us. We *must* participate. We *must* contribute. If there is a gay group in your area, join it. If there is none, start one. Keep in touch with your people and fight your fight until the fight, for all of us, is won.

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Almost 100 years after universal acceptance of the germ theory of disease, it is appalling that every individual is still not being taught the significance of the role of personal hygiene in the prevention of sexually transmitted diseases.

Current attitudes (including group male-female and same-sex contacts) require that each participant wash genital and rectal areas before and after sex activities, eliminating germs and secretions in protection of one's self and of one's sex partner(s). The lower digestive tract particularly must be remembered as a source of infectious germs. Here are some highlights from our widely acclaimed booklet (Available in Spanish; soon in Japanese) —

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Personal Hygiene is Significant
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Not to teach washing before and after sex activities is to encourage the spread of sexually transmitted diseases.

PAGE 2: THE SEXUALLY ACTIVE MALE

Careful washing after sex will reduce the possibility of catching VD. The germs that cause syphilis and gonorrhea, as well as some other sexually transmitted diseases, are sensitive to soap and water.

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Extended exposure or delay before washing diminishes the effectiveness of this preventive measure. Washing is doubly important since even in the absence of syphilis and gonorrhea, other sexually transmitted germs can cause infections such as NGU (non-gonococcal urethritis) or NSU (non-specific urethritis).

If lubricants are involved in the sex act, use water-soluble preparations that will wash away. Do not use an oil base that will leave a film to trap the germs.

NOTE: The foreskin that covers the head of the penis may trap germs which can cause infections. Therefore, special attention should be given to washing the uncircumcised penis.

When vaccines against gonorrhea and syphilis will have been developed, personal hygiene will remain necessary to prevent other sexually transmitted diseases. For example: A gonorrhea vaccine will not prevent approximately half of the reported cases of male urethritis which are not gonorrhea.

PAGE 3: SOME ASPECTS OF PERSONAL HYGIENE FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Infectious germs which are always found in the lower digestive tract may be transmitted from the rectum during certain sex activities. Among the dangerous germs present may be the virus which causes hepatitis, and parasites which cause gastrointestinal disorders if they enter the mouth (anal-oral route).

The mucous membranes of the genital-urinary system are highly susceptible to infection by some of these germs from the rectum. For example: As a result of careless wiping from rectum toward vagina by the female after toilet, germs are easily spread to the vagina where they may cause infections, and from which they may be transmitted during vaginal, as well as rectal, intercourse. Therefore, females must not wipe in the direction of rectum to vagina.

Personal hygiene before and after sex can be greatly aided by the bidet, a low bathroom fixture designed to facilitate washing for disease prevention and proper cleansing after toilet. Not everyone, unfortunately has been adequately informed as to the advantages of the bidet; it is not found, for instance, in homes or hotels in the United States, whereas in many parts of the world it is widely used and significant to personal hygiene. Good hygiene requires careful washing of genital and rectal areas before and after sex.

Men and Women: Learn also about—

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Aunt

Continued from page 9

April, 1975: Lately, we've been so busy with school work that we hardly socialize at all. However, starting next week there's going to be a weekly gay coffeehouse in a church. There's also a gay conference being planned for October. Fran and I are probably going to put together a workshop on developing leadership (a pet subject of ours) for it, and we may give a lecture on lesbian literature. The Free U. lesbian class has one more activity this semester, a weekend camping trip. I am sending a copy of the "Bloomington Women's Handbook" which I worked on.

May 7, 1975: I was very much impressed by your Women's Handbook and by the extent of the many organizations and activities in your area which are devoted to various aspects of woman's life. When I think of the changes in college atmosphere and society's attitudes from the days of my "coming out," I feel as though I had lived in days mid-Victorian. What growth, what freedom, and what opportunities for progress are open to you . . . and truly, how lonesome it makes me feel.

You know, when Marion left I closed the door on any emotional involvements and have made no effort to find any gay people. I have tried to fill my time with work, books, trips and casual acquaintances (no sex) and to stifle my need for a closer relationship. Now, reading your letters and the Women's Handbook, I become aware of the lack of — I think "camaraderie" might fit best in English — of my own kind. It's sort of like, when I was in the U.S. I knew I was a Jewess, but made no special effort to BE a Jewess; however when I came here I knew I was with my own, something had been missing. Now, having buried my woman-feeling for so long I feel the need to have people around with whom I could feel free — and I don't know where to find them. I doubt you could help me, but perhaps amongst all the organizations with which you have contact, there may be either someone who has been to Israel or who knows of people in Israel. If you can find out anything, I would very much appreciate it.

December 13, 1975: I FOUND THEM. Enclosed please find advertisement from the Jerusalem Post:

IF YOU ARE interested in changing the legal status of Homosexuals, in Israel, contact S.I.R. (Society for Individual Rights) P.O. Box 46039, Tel Aviv.

I nearly popped my buttons, sat down and answered it. Letter ran sorta "Would like to know what the legal status of the homosexual is in Israel" and asked whether S.I.R. here was related to the S.I.R. in the states. This last, to let them know I had been involved in the States if I was aware of S.I.R. there. No reply for some time. In the meantime, there was an ad for a Women's Rights outdoor meeting and march. Got to that and managed to find the right people who invited me to a gathering after the march, at a private home. Although I suspected most of the females were gay, after over five years of no contact, was hesitant about coming out and asking. They are to write me with more information on the women's liberation movement. Anyway, I finally got a letter from the S.I.R. group and have since met the girl who seems to be the chief secretary, recruiter and bottle washer. In October the organization was legally registered under the name of Society for the Protection of Personal Privileges.

Maida, you cannot imagine how excited I am about all of this. I never had identity problems in the states and lived, almost completely, out of the closet. Then, sudden-

ly, to be boxed in and apparently, nailed shut down into that closet. Every woman I met in this country seemed to be busy making babies, or, if she had no husband, busy searching for one or, sometimes, busy making babies without any legal husband. One or twice I saw a couple who looked as though they might be one of ours, but they always seemed to be checking the locks on their closets and I didn't dare to try the door.

February 12, 1976: As we rejoin Aunt Helen, in her adventure in SPPP land, she has, so far, met Ziva, 25 year old who appears to be doing all the work of the SPPPs and Elly, a 36 year old journalist, and Haim, in his 20s, a typical gay cruiser and habitue of the parks,

November 4, 1976: I got the day off especially to go to the feminist meeting. Not many of the feminists I had met were there — lots of new women and much of English speaking which is not usual. One group of four looked interesting and one of them was wearing a woman power pin (fist within the woman sign) and one a gay pin (2 signs joined) SO I got into that group. The gay sign gal is a non-Jew from Ireland and she lives with the woman power (Israeli born) woman. We had a terrific discussion and it went on after everyone had let and they practically had to sweep us out of the coffee house.

Actually, my biggest gay social problem is this: although there are some women here near my age



Helen, in Israel, 1978.

etc. Both Ziva and Haim live with their families. Ziva's know, Haim's don't. So came the big night and I went to the opening gathering of the guys and gals of the SPPP. There were more than 50 fellows — and four females (including myself). Two of the women were visiting from Norway so this would be their only time with us. Some straights from the suicide prevention clinic came later, but if they were thinking of referring some of their problem people to us, I doubt if they would have been too impressed by what they saw. I expected the police to be in at any moment and a riot to break out. It may have been great cruising and fun for the boys, but to me it was a bore. I arranged a meeting with Ziva and Avi (a fellow active in the more serious aspects of the group) and tried to explain the necessity of an all-female group. Under the present set-up would only end up as the women's auxiliary of a male dominated organization. However, she is so heterosexual-society oriented that she let Avi do all the talking. They did not feel that there are enough females in the area to make it go and could not see that any one who might consider it would be immediately discouraged by the overwhelming majority of faggots.

Two meetings later we did meet with a group of women who live in the area — but not at the club, but in the home of one of them. They also were strong for a strictly female organization. Due to my work, the fact that I live very far from Tel Aviv, and my car has developed a stubborn streak and refused to function, have not been able to get back to them.

group (although I think I may be the oldest) they are of oriental background. This sounds chauvinistic, but it ain't, as you would know if you were here. Almost all these people still live in the 19th century insofar as social mores are concerned. "I may be a lesbian, but it is a woman's duty to marry and bear children. No woman is complete without a man" and the sad thing is that they really BELIEVE it. It's not only the older ones (in their 40s) but also many of the younger ones (20s). Even some of the Ashkenazi (European Jews) are infected with the female role. Only among the younger ones can I find a few with whom I can speak, with whom I can share ideas. So what do I do? Go to bed with the older ones and share an intellectual life with the younger ones? Or just remain celibate or withdraw from the entire life? I am not physically attracted to children (of course they are all over 18 and past their army enlistment) and I do not particularly enjoy breaking them in. They've mostly had at least one affair but they are so inept. I say "they" whereas I've only been with one of the youngsters. Guilt feelings? I don't think so. It's like eating unripe fruit; the full taste has as yet not developed. Or is it that I am, for once, going to bed with someone whom I may enjoy as a person but for whom I do not feel a real emotional and physical need?

What I am doing now reminds me of a cartoon I saw in Playboy. A man is sitting at a typewriter in the yard of his suburban home surrounded by his screaming kids playing while he authors a porno novel. I'm not writing porn but it

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Books

continued from page 11
the women's movement. However, Raymond advocates exactly the kind of rejection, expulsion and sanctions that these women feared would result from the honest disclosure of their transsexual history. Raymond evidently does not believe it is possible to transcend past historical development and influences, to overcome prior class, race and sex-produced psychology and ideology and to develop an identity of one's choice.

While Raymond purports to criticize the medical establishment, she makes no serious criticisms. In fact, she herself falls back on psychoanalytic mumbo-jumbo to explain how certain transsexuals become lesbian feminists. Their choices, unfortunately for her theories, cannot be so simply explained as those of non-lesbian women of transsexual background. Raymond criticizes medical technology, but not who controls medical technology. While technology itself may be neutral, who controls and develops it is political. She ends up blaming the consumers and/or alleged victims of such technology. Democratic, client or patient-controlled groups, composed of persons who

had experienced or considered surgical interventions (and who certainly could share feelings, concerns and conflict about gender) are not proposed as a means to help surgical candidates make sensitive and informed decisions about medical interventions. This is not surprising however, for Raymond has written a book on a "hot" subject which speaks demagogically to the latent bigotry of many lesbians, who have themselves been excluded in the past.

Raymond is angered by the stereotypically female behaviors that are urged, by the medical establishment, upon those seeking

surgery to become anatomically female. However, she becomes even more enraged at those who fight against these stereotypical behaviors and choose to become lesbian feminists. In her chapter "Sappho By Surgery," Raymond implies that chromosomal purity, like Hitler's Aryan purity, is the essential ingredient of a feminist. With an arrogance cruelty and disdain for self-determination that is quite extraordinary, she not only refers to women with a transsexual history as men, but suggests that because of this history, they are raping the women's movement.

Cookie Jones
is indisposed.
Watch this space
for her return.

Aunt

continued from page 12
does bring up thoughts. I'm sitting in the clinic treatment room, and behind me is sitting one of my kids. We are waiting for her parents to come to take her home. She'd die of shock if she knew what I'm writing and how I spent my night. I am a sort of mother-image (I hope the right type of mother-image) and they probably can't picture sex as being in any way related to me.

This weekend we had the first meeting of our consciousness-raising group. About 10 women were to come but we were only five — I don't know exactly what a CR meeting is because I've never been to one but we didn't CR — just talked about what we might be able to do with the group. Two of the women are strict separatists — they

don't even want to talk to men unless there is no alternative (like at work). I consider all sexes as just humans and enjoy social contacts, irrespective of sex, with intelligent, congenial people. Ruth is an enthusiastic feminist (she recently spent time in jail and still has to face a hearing on charges of spraying feminist slogans on Jerusalem walls.) Hanna is bisexual, and wants, on day, to marry and have children — with an understanding, probably gay fellow so she can hop the fence. From this nucleus we hope to make the lesbian feminist group.

The correspondence between my aunt Helen and myself still continues, and many GCN readers may remember the letters she sent GCN describing the International

Conference of Gay Jews which was held in Israel last summer. She still works long hours as a nurse. Her social life has been pretty busy, and I've often been envious of her love affairs. People who hear about my aunt urge me to go to Israel to visit her, but my fantasy is to bring her here so that we can march together at a gay pride march, and sit in the sun and talk at the Michigan Women's Music Festival.

The drawing on the cover, done by Beth Ireland, is based on photographs provided by Helen Weinstock. From top to bottom, they are: Helen (l.) and her older sister; Helen (l.) and Mariko, Tokyo, 1948; Helen (r.) and Bernie, a male friend, 1935; and Helen (l.) and Myrtle, her high school friend, c. 1936.

A letter from your

Buddies

Well, it was an exciting week. Wednesday we sponsored the Draft Dodgers' Ball, a benefit for the Gay Hot Line, and even though I could not attend all had a good time and \$1,508 was raised for this very worthwhile organization. I hope this helps them keep up the excellent work they have been doing. I have been very busy getting ready for Harriet Leider's appearance at **Buddies**. I guess I got a little carried away in giving out tickets. One of the owners accused me of giving the house away, my answer to him is, see me if you didn't get your free ticket and you're a regular customer of **Buddies**.

Next Monday we are having a Madori party, with T-Shirts, fresh fruit, prizes, and special prices on Madori drinks. Then the following Monday we are having a benefit for the Softball League and have come up with some crazy ideas. Just the name, Ball Busters Bash, speaks for itself.

If you were here Sunday night when **Buddies** started flooding you saw a crew running around like chickens with their heads cut off. The only one that had the right idea was my dog Max who saw the water rising and got off the office floor and climbed up on a chair and went back to sleep.

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Looking for correspondence with gay men and women, race and age unimportant. I like sports, sex, reading and meeting new people. Write: Daniel HASSLER, 75B248, Box 51, Comstock, NY 12821. (4)

Need to hear from someone as soon as possible. I'm 27, a Libra and sooooo lonely! Come on! Add some spice to my life by writing me. Charles W. MALONE, Jr. 026697, P.O. Box 747, Starke, FL 32091. (4)

I'm not sure if I'm a bisexual or a closet gay but I love gay relationships and I'll continue them until I discover the true me. I'm 23 and have been here since I was 18 and am losing myself in this loneliness. Let's share a little of our lives. Donald BANKS 145-541, P.O. Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699. (4)

Warm heart, understanding and worldly wise man seeks intelligent and sincere persons for correspondence. Right on, Gay Community News! Michael JORDAN, C-61622, Box 112, Joliet, IL 60434. (4)

Masculine gay seeks counterpart. Want mature lasting relationship. Release and relocation soon. Write: Anthony LINGLE, A01397, Box 87, Menard, IL 62259. (4)

I need liberal gay penpals who see life as I do. Novelist, promiscuous, 23. Send letters and love from the free world. Michael TANDRY 64730, Camp c/t, Dorm 2, Angola, LA 70712. (4)

I was just able to read a copy of your paper from a friend's friend and enjoyed it very much. Please put me in your prisoner penpal section so I can get some honest and meaningful mail. I'm 28 and will be out next year. Keith PHILLIPS 86281, P.O. Box 97, McAlester, OK 74501. (4)

If anyone is listening I am suffering from a great case of loneliness and am in search of a dynamic, intelligent, openminded person. Michael TISDALE 76A1675, Box B, Dannemora, NY 12929. (4)

GCN SPECIALS

WHAT'S THE WORD, BIRD?

GCN needs news writers to let our readers know what's happening in lesbian and gay communities across the country and around the world. No previous writing experience is necessary — just a burning desire to get the word out! If you'd like to volunteer your services, write or call Denise Sudell at GCN, 22 Bromfield St., Boston, MA 02108, (617) 426-4469.

LIE DOWN ON THE JOB???

Sometimes we'd like to, or at least we'd like to be comfortably seated. If anyone has a nice couch to contribute to our well-being, we would love to have it. Please call Mike at 426-4469.

WORK YOUR OWN HOURS

GCN is looking for two Ad Reps to start immediately. Full-time and part-time available. Meet new people, explore new places. 20% commission. Will train. We supply leads! Call Larry at GCN, 426-7042.

HOT OFF THE PRESS, AND ON

When the weather sizzles, GCN staffers melt. We have no air conditioning, and couldn't take the electricity costs if we had. We can use fans. If anyone out there would like to help cool us off, by donating a fan, please call Mike at 426-4469. Thank you.

PEOPLE W/ACCESS TO OFFSET MACHINES

GCN has lost its source of offset printing. If you have access to offset printing on a regular basis (we need things like free renewal notices printed) and want to help us out, please call Mike or Richard at 426-4469. Thanks.

VOLUNTEER INDEXER(S) NEEDED! Work on the GCN Index which is becoming a valuable reference tool. Flexible hours. If you enjoy detail work and would like to help, we'd be happy to explain in detail just what's involved in this project and how you can help. Ask for Michael or Charles, 426-4469.

HELP GIVE US THE COLD SHOULDER If there is someone in the immediate Boston vicinity who could bear to part with a fully-functional refrigerator (one with a freezing compartment capable of creating ice cubes) please call Mike at 426-4469 and make the GCN staff every happy.

HELP!

GCN is growing. We need your old desks, chairs, bookshelves, tables, "scrap" (usable) 2x4s, plywood, paint brushes & rollers, telephones, plants, gay books, filing cabinets (legal size), flowers, etc. Use your imagination! Give Mike or Richard a call at 426-4469. P.S., we'll need help w/painting & building too. Let us know if you're available for some weekend group work parties.

ORGANIZATIONS

Gay people in C.S., Boston area, are invited to join next meeting of informal support group on July 13. For information contact GCN Box 255. (50)

U.O.B.

Support organization for lesbians, 1151 Mass Av, Camb. Old Camb Bap. Raps every Tues & Thurs 8pm. 35 plus rap 2nd W & 4th Fri, 8pm. Bi-monthly magazine FOCUS \$6.00. Monthly social & fund-raising event. Softball at Magazine Beach (Camb) at 3pm every Sun. Info & office hrs 661-3633. All women invited to participate. (c)

IDENTITY HOUSE

Lesbian, gay, bi, peer counseling and groups. Rap groups: 2:30-5pm Sat. for women, and Sun. for men. Free walk-in counseling. Sun.-Tues. 6-10pm. Donations accepted. 544 Ave. of Americas, NYC. 212-243-8181.

WOMEN! to bring all our demands together into a single political force and to unite women with all the oppressed, we need our own political party. Support groups for men. For info, send SASE to Political Discussion Group, C/O Cambridge Women's Ctr, 46 Pleasant St, Cam, MA 02139. (c)

METROPOLITAN COMMUNITY CHURCH OF WORCESTER Church service at 2 Wellington St., 7pm Sundays. Potluck Supper and Communion every Weds. at 7pm. 753-8380.

BOSTON GAY CATHOLICS Dignity/Boston sponsors EXODUS MASS, a liturgy for gay and concerned Catholics, every Sunday at Arlington Street Church (Boston), right side entrance on Arlington St, at 5:30pm. For info contact Dignity/Boston, 355 Boylston St., Boston, MA 02114. Tel. 536-6518.

United Methodists for Gay And Lesbian Concerns Resurrects! Write — Affirmation, Box 202 745 Comm Ave, Boston, MA 02215. (50)

Lesbian Contact: We are everywhere! Write to lesbians in other parts of the U.S. and Canada. Send general information about yourself, (likes, dislikes, hobbies, etc.) and the state or Province you'd like to write to. Include \$1.00 for postage and handling to: Writestisters, P.O. Box 8824, Minneapolis, MN 55408. (F)

GAY SWITCHBOARD OF NYC

When you're in New York, give us a call for the latest information on gay and lesbian events, which bars to go to, where to stay, what group to contact, and which businesses to patronize. Call us to rap or just to say hello. (212) 777-1800, from noon till midnight. (20)

Reston Gay Rap Group meets twice a month, 1st Friday, 3rd Tuesday each month. Get it all together! Browns Chapel, Rte. 606, Reston, VA 22090.

NH LAMBDA

Box 1043, Concord, NH 03301. 332-4440, 889-1416, 224-3765, 399-4927, 224-8517. A statewide lesbian organization, meeting the third Saturday of every month. Support, education and political action, since 1976.

JOIN INTEGRITY

Gay Episcopalians and Friends. Chapters in major cities, worship program, social events. Free publication sample on request. Write J. Lawrence, 10 Mercier Ave., Dorchester, MA 02124. (617) 262-3057. (26)

NGTF NEEDS YOU

Join with the largest, fastest growing gay civil rights group in the country! The National Gay Task Force works with a professional staff on media representation, national legislation, information clearing-house, religious reforms, corporate non-discrimination statements, more! Help support our work—join now. \$20 membership (\$5 limited income) Includes Newsletter. NGTF, 80 Fifth Ave. Rm. 1601, New York, NY 10011.

In New Jersey, the Gay Activist Alliance/Morris County meets every Monday at 6:30 p.m. using facilities of Untarian Fellowship, Normandy Heights Rd., Morristown, NJ. Info: (201) 691-0388.

SUPPORT LESBIAN MOTHERS

Lesbian Mothers National Defense Fund, 2446 Lorentz Place, W. Seattle, WA 98109. (206) 262-5796. Membership \$5.00.

PUBLICATIONS

WOMEN ORGANIZING

A Socialist-Feminist Bulletin. Articles on Socialist-feminist approaches to reproductive rights, lesbian/gay liberation, clerical organizing. Published by NAM Socialist-Feminist Commission, Box G, 3244 N. Clark St., Chicago, IL 60657, \$4 for four issues. Also available from Boston-Area NAM, POB 443, Somerville, MA 02144, (617) 661-8372. (ex)

Working Papers on Gay/Lesbian Liberation and Socialism — a collection of essays by members of the New American Movement, a national socialist-feminist organization. \$1.00 from Boston-Area NAM, POB 443, Somerville, MA 02144, (617) 661-8372. (21)

\$35 REWARD

Wanted: Never-before-published essays, stories, personal histories (prose only). \$35 prize for best entry. Focus has first publication rights on all entries submitted. Regular Focus staff not eligible. Contest closes Aug. 1, 1980. Send Ms & SASE to Focus, 1151 Mass. Ave., Camb. MA 02138.

Guardian, Independent radical news-weekly, covers black, women's, gay struggles and liberation movements around the world. Special offer: six weeks for \$1. Guardian, Dept. GCN, 33 W. 17 St., NYC, NY 10011. (c)

HOW GAY IS YOUR LIBRARY?

Pamphlet of tips for non-librarians on how to get gay materials into libraries, available from the Gay Task Force of the American Library Association. "Censored, Ignored, Overlooked, Too Expensive? How to Get Gay Materials Into Libraries" explains library selection policies in a general way, and tells how you can get a library to buy more gay books & periodicals. Also tells what to do if library refuses your request; why gay bks are sometimes kept where you have to ask for them; & how to donate materials to the library. \$1 to Barbara Gittings — GTF, P.O. Box 2383, Phila., PA 19103. Bkstore & bulk order discount available. More info: Barbara Gittings (215) 382-3222. (c)

FOCUS

Focus: a bi-monthly journal for lesbians, \$8.00 per year, \$1.35 per individual copy, 1151 Mass. Ave., Cambridge, MA 02138. Publishes fiction, poetry, reviews, essays, graphics. Editorial meetings first Monday of every other month (Apr, June, etc.) at 8pm. Call 259-0063 for info. We need writers and production people. A good place to learn how to put a magazine together.

Periodicals by Mail is a project designed to give wider accessibility to worthwhile periodicals not distributed through many newsstands. For a free list of over 70 alternative periodicals which can be ordered by mail, send your name, address, and a 15¢ stamp to: Periodicals by Mail, a periodical retreat, 336½ S. State St., Ann Arbor, MI 48104. (11mo)

Prisoners



GCN gets lots of requests for penpals from prisoners. Almost none of them are paid for. If you would like to support the paper in this, and perhaps even increase the possibility of a more in depth dialogue between gay men and women on the inside and those of us lucky enough to be on the 'outside', please SEND MONEY. (We also send free subs to prisoners who ask.) In any case, take the time to get to know someone who's getting more or less fucked over by strait law (euphemistically called 'justice') and who's obviously very lonely.

I have had my name in your penpal section before and have received a number of replies and found out some interesting things. For instance, some folks write once and then no more. That makes an incarcerated individual feel rather badly. (But who can I complain to?) Well, hope springs eternal! Robert L. HOLLINS 156-218, 1901 D. St. SE, So. East Three, No. 58, Washington, DC 20003. (6)

I'm an artist, an intelligent and philosophical person presently incarcerated, looking for someone to share my loneliness, thoughts and human love. Daniel BRANDT, 153266, P.O. Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699. (6)

There were too many of us in my house an done day I had to sleep with my uncle and that's when my life really began! I would like to find someone like myself that I can relate to and maybe visit when I get out. Maybe you can help. Sincerely, Leon WILLIAMS, 79957-Camp H B's, Angola, LA 70712. (4)

I wrote NGTF and they said you would put an ad in your paper for me (for free) to get some letters and some encouragement. I'd like a friend mentally, physically and spiritually; to write, for starts. I'm in the joint now but am working my way out. I think we all need help at some time or other. Jerry COCHRAN, Box 41, 10809, Michigan City, IN 46360. (6)

My name is Aaron STILLSON. I'm 22 lonely and full of love looking for an older gay gentleman interested in corresponding with a hot sexy young gay. Soon to be released. 146-636, Box 779, Marquette, MI 49855. (6)

Artist, half Spanish and half Irish, looking for some contact with the free world. Glad to know there's a paper like yours in circulation. Manny PAREJO, 890773, Box 520, Walla Walla, WA 99362. (6)

Hoping to be released this year (after 13½ years), would like correspondence with open-minded, mature gay male to help pull through these final days. Donald HUMBLE, DOC 66869, Camp C, Angola, LA 70712. (6)

Lonely prisoner now finishing the last of 8 years in this dungeon. Love music and sports and am looking for friends to help pass this last year. I'm beautiful. Check me out. Rex WARD, 140-431, P.O. Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699. (6)

I just read the June 14 issue of your magazine and enjoyed every article. Please put me in your penpal section. This loneliness is killing me. Sincerely, Robert L. GARY, 5621, Box 41, Michigan City, IN 46360. (8)

Looking for somewhere to go when I get out (soon), I am a good person and would like to find someone like myself. Please write Walter McCLOUD, 065254, P.O. Box 747, Starke, FL 32091. (6)

I respectfully ask to be put on the list so that I can start hearing from other gay brothers and sisters. I'm 34 and have been gay for 25 of them. I have 3½ years of college and enjoy bareback riding, swimming and reading. Let's write. Clifford P. GAINES, 139443, Rt. 3 Box 3333, Hagerstown, MD 21740. (6)

I happen to be a young man who is temporarily confined and who has a definite and sincere desire to correspond with a sexually free, adventure-some and willing person interested in forming a meaningful relationship. I'm ding-a-ling free and due out in a few months. Gary M. JOHNSON 154-687, 15802 St. Rt 104 N, Box 5500, Chillicothe, OH 45601. (6)

I'd like it very much if someone would be a penpal. I'm here for 3 years and am from Canada and have no family (being gay) to write to. I like older gays and especially gays that like animals. John M. McIntosh, EY-12-33-17, Holly A1, MGC IYO Unit, Box 417, Hardwick, GA 31034. (8)

I am without a friend on the outside who cares. Life seems useless without someone to talk to. I have many interests and hobbies. Richard TURNER 152697, P.O. Box 89, London, OH 43140. (6)

I would appreciate anything you could do to help me find someone to correspond with. My hobby is getting to know other people. Jimmy Lee HARRIS, 032450-21-2215, P.O. Box 747, Starke, FL 32091. (6)

I would be pleased to hear from anyone who shares my interests in the great outdoors, rodeo, flying or sky-diving. Daniel C. MORGAN, 02762-064, FCI Box 1000, Sandstone, MN 55072. (6)

I'm a gay prisoner, 19, getting out in 9 months but need someone to write meanwhile. Rodney ELKINS Box 97, 101804, McAlester, OK 74501. (6)

I attend college, enjoy reading and writing and dealing with (serious-minded) people who enjoy sharing positive relationships which I feel are the essence of life. Robert BOOTH, 7928438, Div-1, F-1, 2600 S. California Ave., Chicago, IL 60608. (5)

I am 23, shy, inexperienced, wish to meet older man seeking honest companionship/friendship. Kris LIGGETT 95566, Box 97, McAlester, OK 74501. (6)

I am presently attending college and will receive a two year degree in general studies by this coming September. I want to major in Retail Marketing Management Technology. Will answer all letters. William VARGAS 137-722, P.O. Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699. (6)

At the present time I am in prison but have 9 more months before I am released on parole, need penmate thanx much. Billy DEFREEST 833-213 Brooksville Road Prison P.O. Box 548, Brooksville, Florida 33512. (8)

Young man in prison wishes to correspond with those who understand the need to have someone in your corner who can help. Frank BIRCH 148-137, P.O. Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699. (6)

I am a very lonely prisoner that has lost communication with the outside world. The usual turmoil and madness remains the same here. Lester GIBSON, P.O. Box 747, Starke, FL 32091. (6)

The brutality against homosexuals here is like a nightmare. Threats never stop and protests often lead to gang rapes. Is it too much in the middle of all this to ask for someone to be an honest and sincere friend to relate to and look forward to hearing from? Please write. Morris GYLES, LSP 89329, Camp J, Cuda 9, Left 6, Angola, LA 70712. (5)

I wrote to NGTF and they gave me your name. I need gay people to write to. It's very lonely here. Steve WILLARD, Box 711, A91545, Menard, IL 82259. (5)

Lonely man seeking positive person for a relationship. Kenneth GREEN, 139-000, P.O. Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699. (5)

I'd like to get to know the gay and lesbian movement politically and personally. We need more Star Carters (GCN article on organizing gay prisoners) in the struggle on the outside and on the inside of these human warehouses where anything goes to keep the gay population divided from the rest and itself. Does anybody out there want to take about what's happening from a Marxist perspective? Write: Albert CLARK 79909, CCR Dier cage 5, Angola, LA 70712. (4)

Looking for old and new friends. Enjoyed living in Lynn, MA and want to keep contact till I get out. James FIVE-COAT, 027021, P.O. Box 747, Starke, FL 32091. (6)

I like photography and just about any kind of music and would like to hear from any guy of any age. I'd write more but I suppose you're busy and I don't want to make a nuisance of myself. Take care and thanks. Chuck WILSON, 155-891, P.O. Box 69, London, OH 43140. (6)

Very lonely gay prisoner seeking correspondence from other real sincere gays. I would like someone to share joy, ideas and myself with. Robert Lee SCHIEB 137-262, P.O. Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699. (5)

Quiet, affectionate gay prisoner seeking friendship and correspondence with someone who has a free moment for sharing himself now and then. Harry BROADUS 150-819, P.O. Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699. (5)

Please help me meet someone gay and understanding through correspondence and if possible send me some copies of the Gay Community News. Theodore HAMMER, 5293, Box 41, Michigan City, IN 46360. (5)

I would like for you to put my name in the penpal section of your paper so I can get some kind of steady friend out there. Timothy CRYER 89805, Camp C, Bear 1, Angola, LA 70712. (5)

I am just starting to "come out" and accept myself and get free of my past inhibiting fears. Would someone out there in "minimum security" give a lonely guy a little company in this plight of mine here in prison. David KELLY 9364, Box 41, Michigan City, IN 46360. (5)

A very dear friend of mine turned me on to GCN and I found it beautiful and would like to receive it if possible here. Also I have no family practically speaking and would very much like to hear from other gays. Harlan EARL 361828, P.O. Box 520, Walla Walla, WA 99362. (5)

I would like to have a pen-friend who is effeminate and who has some empathy to develop a beautiful and loving relationship with. Please help me. Write: James GADDIS 030227, P.O. Box 747, Starke, FL 32091. (5)

Calendar

weekly events

sundays

Boston, MA — Gay Recreational Activities Committee (GRAC). Swimming at Lindemann Center (Stanford St./Gov't Ctr.). Men and women. 2-4pm.

Boston, MA — Gay Recreational Activities Committee (GRAC). Roller skating. Hatch Shell, Esplanade. Men and women. Call 282-9161 for info.

Boston, MA — Chiltern Men's Basketball. Lindemann Center (Gov't Ctr.). 4:30-6pm. Info: 227-6167.

Boston, MA — Chiltern Running Club. Jogging and racing on the Esplanade. Suns. at 1, Mon, Wed. & Fri at 6. Info: 367-2776.

Cambridge, MA — Softball at Magazine Beach. 3pm. All women are invited. Info: 661-3633.

Boston, MA — Gay AA meets at Old West Church, 131 Cambridge St. Gay men and women. 2:30pm.

Greenfield, MA — Gay Men of Franklin County. Every third Sun. Green River Cate, Osgood St. 7pm.

Orleans, MA — Shoreline, a gay social group, alternative to the bars, on Cape Cod. Meets every 2nd Sunday. Info: P.O. Box 1614, Orleans, MA 02653.

New York, NY — Lesbian Feminist Liberation. Women's discussion. Women's Center, 243 W 20th St. 6:30-8:30pm.

New York, NY — Rainbow Society. Deaf gay meeting. Manhattan Community Center, 75 Morton St. 2nd Sunday of the month. 2pm. 755-1426.

New York, NY — Dyke Anarchists meet. 339 Lafayette St., 7pm.

New York, NY — Gay People in Health Care. Meeting. Third Sunday. St. Vincent's Hospital, 7th Ave. and 12th St., Room 207. 7:30pm. 499-1453. (Mon-Fri, 6-10pm).

Concord, NH — NH Coalition of Lesbians and Gay Men. 1st Sun. of the month, 1-5pm. Statewide political action group. Info: 228-8049.

Philadelphia, PA — Gay Coffeehouse, 326 Water St. 4-8pm. For info on other activities call WA2-1623 or 928-1919.

coming events

july 6 sun

Somerville, MA — Women's Marching Band will stop rehearsals for the summer and take up in the fall. Watch for announcements.

Boston, MA — Boston Women's Art Alliance is sponsoring a lecture series to accompany Judy Chicago's *The Dinner Party* on Sundays during July and August at the Ehrlich Theater, 539 Tremont St. Info: 267-0941.

Boston, MA — Gay Recreational Activities Committee (GRAC). Swimming at Lindemann Center (Stanford St./Gov't Ctr.). Men and women. 2-4pm.

Boston, MA — Gay Recreational Activities Committee (GRAC). Roller skating. Hatch Shell, Esplanade. Men and women. Call 282-9161 for info.

Boston, MA — Chiltern Men's Basketball. Lindemann Center (Gov't Ctr.). Experienced 4:30-6pm. Info: 227-6167.

7 mon

Boston, MA — Gay Men's Workshop on Creativity, Energy, Movement, and Experimental Theater. 565 Boylston St. 7:30pm.

9 wed

Boston, MA — Cleveland Marshall Women's Program monthly potluck and film, (*Babies and Banners*) at Marshall Community School, 35 Westville St. (Dorchester) Potluck for women, at 6:30; film (men invited) at 7:30. Info: Sasha or Sandy, 825-2913 or 825-2914

Bedford, MA — Bedford-Concord Area Social Club meets at 7:30pm. Info: John 275-1336, or Joe 897-7813. All invited.

New York, NY — Comite Homosexual Latino-americano. 7pm. 433 E. 6th St. Apt. 5R. Info: 473-6864 or 595-1692.

mondays

Cambridge, MA — Gay Light Support Group for women 14-21. Cambridge Women's Center, 48 Pleasant St. Info: 354-8807.

Brookline, MA — Discussion group including gay and bisexual men and women. New members welcome. 7:30-9:30pm. Info: 731-6619.

Cambridge, MA — Self-defense classes offered by Amandla/People's Security at Martin Luther King School. 7-9pm. Write for info to: P.O. Box 114, Auburndale, MA 02166.

Cambridge, MA — LUNA (Lesbians United for Non-nuclear Action) meeting. Women's Educ. Ctr., 46 Pleasant. 354-8807. 7-10pm.

Brattleboro, VT — Southern Vermont Gay Men meet every 4th Monday at the Common Ground, 25 Elliot St. 7:30pm.

Morristown, NJ — Gay Activist Alliance in Morris County (GAAMC). Meetings, discussions, socials. Morristown Unitarian, Normandy Heights Rd. 762-6217. (NJ Gay Switchboard: (609) 921-2565.)

Nashua, NH — Meeting of Nashua Area Gays. 8pm. Info: Paul, 888-1305, or write: Nashua Area Gays, P.O. Box 3472, Nashua 03061.

New York, NY — Lesbian Feminist Liberation Meeting. Women's Center, 243 W. 20th St. 6:30-8:30pm.

New York, NY — Meeting of the NY Coalition of Black and Third World Lesbians and Gays. Triangle Ctr., 269th Ave., 3rd floor. 7:30pm. Anyone interested in these issues is welcome regardless of race.

New York, NY — WBAI (99.5FM) The Lesbian Show. 10pm. 279-0707.

New York, NY — NY Gay Community Marching Band. Rehearsal. 7-10pm at Medusa's Revenge, 10 Bleeker St. Info: 864-1700, x709. Musicians, twirlers, etc. No auditions.

New York, NY — NYC Gaymen's chorus rehearsal. 7:30pm. Church of the Beloved Disciple, 348 W. 14th St. 691-3414. All men welcome.

10 thurs

Cambridge, MA — Lesbian and Gay Folkdancing. Summer schedule. This evening and every other Thursday from 7-9pm. Phillips Brooks House, Harvard Yard.

Boston, MA — Self-defense workshops for women for women: basic intro to self-defense and assertiveness techniques. Tonight: women of all ages (in English); next Thursday, women of all ages (in Spanish); July 24, teen-aged women (in English). Info: 491-2182.

Boston, MA — GCN VOLUNTEER PROOF-READING AND PASTEP. SEE THURSDAYS ABOVE FOR DETAILS.

11 fri

Boston, MA — Chiltern Mountain Club. Party at John Lesko's, 1 Hill Road, Bedford, MA. Potluck. Info: 275-1336.

Boston, MA — GCN VOLUNTEER NIGHT FOR SENDING OUT THE PAPER. SEE FRIDAYS ABOVE FOR DETAILS.

New York, NY — Committee of Lesbian and Gay Male Socialists. Stonewall Forum: "Perspectives on the Lavender Left — The Conference and Beyond." Millennium, 66 E. 4th St. Donation: \$2. Info: (212) 988-3012.

12 sat

Boston, MA — Women's Program at the Cleveland Marshall Community School. Summer offerings include: Lesbian Support/Discussion Group; Prison Support Group; Alternative Family Living and Political Study Group. Childcare provided for all classes and events. Info: Sasha at 825-2914. Register between 12 noon and 8pm before July 15.

tuesdays

Cambridge, MA — Daughters of Bilitis. Organization for women. Discussion group. Old Cambridge Baptist Church, 1131 Mass Ave. 8pm. Call 661-3633 for info on all DOB activities.

Boston, MA — Gay Way radio program. (WBUR, 90.9 FM) Join co-hosts Ann Maguire and David Socia and their guests. 8:30pm.

Hartford, CT — Greater Hartford Lesbian and Gay Taskforce meets at Hill Ctr., 350 Farmington Ave. 7pm. (First Tuesdays) Info: 249-7691.

wednesdays

Boston, MA — Lesbian and Gay Media Advocates (LAGMA) meeting. 7:30-9:30pm. New members welcome. Our advocacy is growing. Join us. Call 426-9371. (M-F, 8pm-midnight) for info.

Boston, MA — OUT HERE! Rap group organized by and for lesbian and gay youth 14 to 21. Info: 266-6103.

Boston, MA — Gay Recreational Activities Committee (GRAC). Volleyball. Lindemann Center (Stanford St./Gov't Ctr.). Men and women. 8-10pm.

Pittsfield, MA — Lesbians United meetings. Info: Women's Services Center, 499-2425.

New York, NY — WBAI (99.5FM) Gay Rap. 279-0707.

New York, NY — Chelsea Gay Association. Meets last Wednesday of the month. Coffeehouse. Call 691-0057 for info.

thursdays

Boston, MA — GCN proofreading and layout (basically cutting and pasting with a little beer and pretzels on the side). No experience necessary. We'll teach you all you need to know! Proofreading begins 5-ish and layout 6-ish. 22 Bromfield St. (near Park St and Washington St subway stops). 2nd floor. 426-4469.

Cambridge, MA — Daughters of Bilitis. Organization for women. Discussions and social hour. Old Cambridge Baptist Church, 1151 Mass. Ave. 8pm. Call 661-3633 for info on all DOB activities.

Boston, MA — General Meeting to plan for the Association of Women in Psychology Conference to be held in Boston, March 5-8, 1981. McGuinn Hall, Boston College, 3rd floor, 11am-5pm. Info: Sharon at 783-4293.

New York, NY — Chelsea Gay Association at the Barbary Coast, 64 Seventh Ave. Free buffet, cash bar, \$1. 8pm.

13 sun

Boston, MA — Chiltern Mountain Club. Day hike Carter Dome. Info: Bliss (803) 883-5583.

Boston, MA — Chiltern Mountain Club. Day hike Mt. Champlain, Bar Harbor Maine. Info: Sturges at (617) 227-6167 or (207) 422-6233.

Boston, MA — Poetry at Avenue Victor Hugo Book Store. "Inanna: Women's Fiction and Poetry Collective," music and poetry with Marcia Womongold and Susan Nelson. 7pm. 339 Newbury St.

New York, NY — Comite Homosexual Latino-americano. 7pm. 433 E. 6th St. Apt. 5R. Info: 786-2893.

14 mon

Cambridge, MA — Boston Parents of Gays meeting. 7:30pm. Episcopal Theological Seminary/Sherill Bldg. 99 Brattle St., Info: 542-5188 or Randy at 247-2693, or write: PFOG, 40 Cogswell Ave., Cambridge, MA 02140.

15 tues

Cambridge, MA — Black Men/White Men, Social/Support Group. Mixer. Info: Jim at 876-4310 or Sturges at 227-6167.

Cambridge, MA — Lesbian Liberation A leaderless support group meeting every Thursday from 8-10pm. Newcomers welcome. Women's Center, 46 Pleasant St. 354-8807

Cambridge, MA — Lesbians with children. Support group. 8-10pm. Cambridge Women's Center, 46 Pleasant St. 354-8807.

New York, NY — Gay Activists Alliance regular meeting at 339 Lafayette St. (near Houston). 8:30pm. All are welcome!

Somerville, MA — Lesbian support group for younger women in Somerville. 7:30pm at the Somerville Women's Center, 38 Union Square (second floor over laundromat). For info call 623-9340.

fridays

Boston, MA — Come to GCN office, 22 Bromfield (near Park St. subway stop), 2nd floor, anytime after 5 for as long or as short as you like (until about 11pm) to help send the paper out to subscribers. (There are LOTS of them and we do need help!) Refreshments and good times. Men and women welcome. 426-4469.

Boston, MA — 'Musically Speaking' with Melanie Berzon. Women's radio program: Jazz, R&B, women's music, ideas, events information. 1-4pm on WMBR (88.1FM) Call 494-8810 for input.

Boston, MA — Chiltern Swimming for men and women over 40, 6-7pm; swimming for men of all ages 7-9pm. Lindemann Ctr. (near Gov't Ctr.) Info: 625-7924.

Cambridge, MA — Daughters of Bilitis. Over 35 rap group at Old Cambridge Baptist Church, 1151 Mass. Ave. 8pm. (4th Friday and 2nd Wednesday of each month)

New Bedford, MA — Support Group for gay women meets at Women's Center, 252 County St. 7pm. 996-3343

saturdays

Cambridge, MA — Lesbian Feminist Youth Collective Meetings for women 14-21. 12 noon on. Info: 861-0949.

Boston, MA — OUT HERE! Outings and projects for lesbian and gay youth 14-21. Every Saturday afternoon. Info: 266-6103.

New York, NY — Gay Youth Rap Group. Peer rap about youth liberation. 80 Fifth Ave. (NGTF office). 741-5800.

17 thurs

Boston, MA — GCN VOLUNTEER PROOF-READING AND PASTEP. SEE THURSDAYS ABOVE FOR DETAILS.

18 fri

Boston, MA — Chiltern Mountain Club. Tanglewood Camping and Concerts. Lennox, MA. Info: Roy at (617) 625-7924(h) or (617) 864-5770(w).

Boston, MA — GCN VOLUNTEER NIGHT FOR SENDING OUT THE PAPER. SEE FRIDAYS ABOVE FOR DETAILS.

19 sat

Athol, NY — A Woman's Place. Aging Workshop: The Joys and Conflicts of Aging. Workshops on sexuality and mid-life changes. 1950s dance on Sat. eve. Info: (518) 823-9970.

Boston, MA — Chiltern Mountain Club. Hike, pick blueberries and cooperative supper. Info: Bruce (603) 654-9268(h) or (617) 434-4416(w).

Boston, MA — Chiltern Mountain Club. Day hikes in White Mountains. Sat. Mt. Washington; Sun. Franconia Ridge. Info: (617) 492-6333 or 862-8268.

aug 11-15

Denver, CO — Spiritual Gathering for Radical Fairies. In the Colorado mountains. \$90 registration includes vegetarian meals and campsite fees. Pre-registration necessary (with \$45 deposit if possible). Write Spiritual Gathering for Radical Fairies, Box 18583, Denver, CO 80218, or call (303) 377-7280.

The deadline for Calendar items is Tuesday at noon for the following issue.